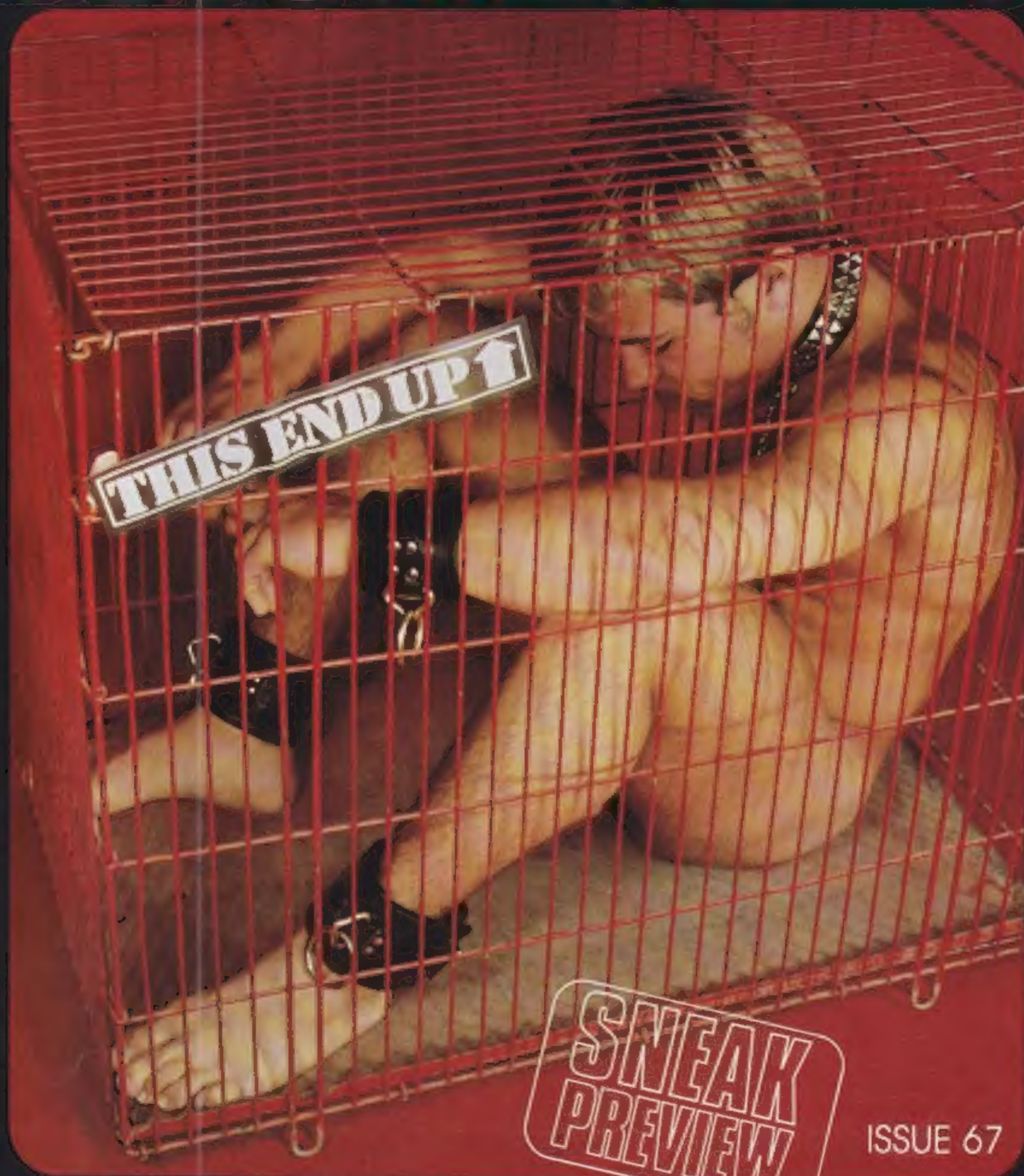


AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

# DRUMMER



SNEAK  
PREVIEW

ISSUE 67

ANNIVERSARY PACKAGE 3<sup>95</sup>





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DRUMMER 2

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Drew Burton and Tom act out some exciting games in *Fantasy Time*. Tim Kramer slips aboard Kyle Hazard's boat under Kyle's power in *Sailor Beware*. Will Seegers, Peter Bolt and John Colby are Cowboys with more than tumbleweeds on their minds. Dan Donovan shows you what a hot young man can do when he's left alone at home in *Danny Boy*.

VHS/BETA **79<sup>95</sup>**





#### EUREKA BOUND (TROPHY 5)

Michael and Phillip spend their weekends going to the river and looking for hunky hitchhikers on the way. When they spot Steve by the side of the road, the bulge in his pants looks promising, but when his whopper cock meets their eyes, it's an afternoon of huge dick and hot action. The two other features on this dynamite video tape are: *Fuckin' Farmhand* and *The Homecoming*.

VHS/BETA **89<sup>95</sup>**

#### HAYRIDE (TROPHY 3)

Laid out in the back of a truck, Barry, the owner of a Northern California ranch, cools his throat with a beer. It's been a long hot season for all the men, especially for Bob, the new kid. Nighttime finds Bob too excited to sleep and Barry too horny. Hot sex on the ranch takes over. The four other features on this action packed video tape are: *The Lifeguard*, *The Handyman*, *Everything Works*, and the super-hot *Bruno & Shane*.

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AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

SNEAK  
PREVIEW





"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."  
Henry David Thoreau



- 6 **MALECALL/DEAR SIR**
- 8 **SNEAK PREVIEW: THE COMPOUND** A crotch-stirring look at Drummer's upcoming expose and true history of the most infamous dungeon on the West Coast.
- 12 **SNEAK PREVIEW: DRUMMER DADDIES II** All new, all unpublished accounts of the life and times of some of the hottest daddies and their boys.
- 16 **SNEAK PREVIEW: DOWN BOY!** What happens when white slaves get a Black master? Drummer shows you the initial interviews for the coveted position.
- 18 **SNEAK PREVIEW: SHAVED, PIERCED & TATTOOED** The marks of total subjugation as demonstrated by an anxious group of handlers and subjects.
- 22 **SNEAK PREVIEW: HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER** Carlo Carlucci's upcoming collection of witty, satiric observations on things gay.
- 24 **FUCKBLOOD** Martin Thomas creates the ultimate terror.
- 25 **SNEAK PREVIEW: THE BRIG BY MASON POWELL** What happens when a man puts his trust in the war powers act and his life in the hands of the men who make the final decisions?
- 31 **WAVES LIKE EVIL ANGELS ON A COLD BLACK TIDE** A special tale of madness and unconventional love by Tim Barrus.
- 35 **THE LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD** News of the leather/SM empire.
- 37 **CONRAP** Our connection to life behind bars.
- 38 **STUDWORK BY TOM HERMAN** Something to wear out your hand and keep you up at night from a new Drummer author.
- 41 **AIDS INFO UPDATE** A brief guide to the latest information.
- 42 **MY LITTLE FRIENDS** An excursion into the...twilight zone by Robert Chesley.
- 45 **ICONOGRAPHY** Our Eighth Anniversary centerfold boasts the unique bondage photography of Mark I. Chester.
- 53 **DRUMBEATS** All the really hot stuff is here, just waiting to be tasted.
- 73 **DRUM** New adventures of the Drummer persona.
- 76 **LEATHER SCENE: GOLDEN FLEECE XII** A look at the famous Rocky Mountain bike run from the inside.
- 80 **LEATHER SCENE: BALTIC BATTLE** For the first time on these shores, highlights of the best known bike gathering in Scandanavia.
- 85 **DRUMMEDIA VIDEO** A look at one of the best known names in avant garde SM porn.
- 89 **FORESKIN UPDATE:** The continuing debate and interest in the skin game, this time from the files of Bud Berkeley.
- 94 **IN PASSING** The best asshole in the West!

Cover: Big things come in small packages, and our delivery this month, to mark our eighth anniversary, is no exception.

Opposite page: What do you get when you uncage the beast? Something that waits for your pleasure. Photos by Jim Wigler.

## GETTING OFF

This is Drummer's Eighth Anniversary issue and this issue is loaded, not only with things to come, but things that already are. Not mentioned herein is the release finally of John Preston's powerful novel *MR. BENSON*, which to date has been turned down by four homophobic printers, each after sitting on the finished pasteups for at least a month apiece. The new *MR. BENSON* begins our trade paperback efforts and will be followed by Carlo Carlucci's *HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER*, then an S&M triumph *THE BRIG*, excerpts of which is in this issue.

You'll find also *THE COMPOUND*, *PIERCED, SHAVED & TATTOOED*, *DOWN BOY* and *DRUMMER DADDIES II* represented in this issue. There simply wasn't room for any parts of Robert Payne's forthcoming *MANHOOD RITUALS*. We'll save that blockbuster for another issue.

Mark Chester is represented with a magnificent centerfold and Bill Ward is aboard with his incomparable *DRUM*. Much of the work of this issue is by contributors who have been with us for some time but there are several first-time contributions. That's the way it should be after eight years. *DRUMMER* has never had more to offer or had more friends to offer it all to.

As this issue goes to press, the entire staff starts packing for the big move three blocks away to Folsom Row in San Francisco. And the first of October will see the debut of our *STUDSTORE*. It is at a somewhat historic site at 960 Folsom. We hope you will be as excited about it as we are. When you are in San Francisco, drop by to see us. The *STUDSTORE* should be a very unusual institution.

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VOLUME 8/NUMBER 67/AUGUST 1983



# MALECALL/Dear Sir:

## BULLSHIT

In *Drummer* 65, the story of the trucker and the cyclist, you printed, and I quote, "Bullshit by Robert Payne." Most of your readers know it's fiction by calling it "bullshit." And there are those who might lose interest if you called it "fiction," true. But why print it if it's "bullshit"? It sounds to me like *Drummer* is mad at Robert Payne.

Ron  
New York, NY

(Editor's Note: It is at Mr. Payne's direction that his material is noted as "Bullshit by Robert Payne." Each author knows what is fiction as opposed to what is bullshit; bullshit is only part fiction, fiction doesn't even pretend to be bullshit.)

## VIELEN DANK

I'd like to thank you for publishing *Drummer*, for the ridiculous and for the sublime, for all the entertainment and for the information. Above all, I'd like to thank you for having created the Leather Fraternity. Nowhere does one get as much for as little money as from your special offers. Through my ads I have received letters and photographs from men all over the world, including Germany—my home country. Through *Drummer* I have met not only some of the biggest, butchest and hairiest men in all Christendom, but I have found some very good friends. Vielen Dank, *Drummer* staff.

As a foreigner in your country, I have to be careful. That's why I do not wish you to publish my name and address. I teach at a large university in the midwest. And to my knowledge, your country is the only country in the free world where a visitor must sign a document that he is 'normal' before he can enter.

Name and Address  
Withheld by Request

(Editor's Note: Thank you for your kind words. However, a recent case brought against the Immigration and Naturalization Service has resulted in the INS being forbidden from asking the question you refer to when people enter the USA. While this ruling is being violated in some instances, efforts are under way to insure that it is strictly enforced.)

## MANHOOD

I have just finished reading "Some of Us Are Dying" by John Preston (*Drummer* 65) and all I can say is Wow! With the editor's response to R.G.'s letter (*Drummer* 61) and now this article, *Drummer* has grown up and matured into manhood.

Finally, *Drummer* is dealing with some

very hard issues that we face every day, not just one-hand reading. Over the years *Drummer* has given us little tidbits of politics—but now you're really dealing with the gut issues. Congratulations, *Drummer*, for coming of age.

Dick James  
Vancouver, Canada

## CAN'T STAND IT!

Okay, I can't stand it any longer. After seeing *Drummer* 65, I have to complain about Jim Wigler's photographs. Can't something be done about them? Can't you make them cumproof? And, they're so hot, can you make them fireproof? I think Jim's photographs capture the soul of your magazine.

I just want to let you know that I'm writing to two ex-prisoners (I started writing to them while they were in prison) and one prisoner. Half an hour every two or three weeks isn't much time to give someone who really needs and appreciates it.

Keep up the good work. And you've got to do something about that... there are no words for that hunky cop on the cover of *Drummer* 65. Can we see more of him?

Jim Tarvis  
Detroit, MI

## RUBBER

Glad to see the article "Men in Rubber" by Mark I. Chester (*Drummer* No. 64), a well-done job on another turn-on fetish. I happen to be a member of the same club. One doesn't find too many guys into the rubber scene, but they are gradually coming out of the closet. Rubber is a fetish often adopted by guys already into leather. Once they try it, most of them like it.

Mark's photos are excellent and one can get excited about rubber just seeing them.

Bob Miller  
Dallas, TX

## MORE THIS YEAR

I think I have enjoyed *Drummer* more this year than in all the years past, and would like to extend my appreciation of the fine job you are doing. I very much enjoyed the "Men in Rubber" article by Mark I. Chester (*Drummer* 64), as well as the sketches by Dirk Dykstra to accompany his article "One Master, Many Slaves" in the same issue. The photo essays and the *Drummer* Daddies section remain my favorites on a general basis—although I can hardly think of one issue that hasn't offered me some cause for excitement.

A.L. Markus  
Lawrence, KS

## HEAR, HEAR DRUM!

As a faithful reader of your magazine I wanted to drop you a line to tell you what a hot, well done publication you put out each month. I look forward to each new issue and want to congratulate you on a job so well done. *Drummer* is the best.

Also wanted to take a few lines to respond to Pedro T's accusation that Drum has become an uninteresting wimp who leads a dull life (*Drummer* No. 64).

Over the years I've managed to collect every issue of *Drummer* magazine published and, having read every Drum adventure from the beginning to the present, I must say that the strip's leading character has done anything but turn wimp. Indeed, Bill Ward is to be commended not only for his fantastic artistic talents, (which make every adventure a real feast for the eyes), but also for his ability to come up with exciting and sensual situations for Drum. (key word here: sensual)

I also appreciate the fact that Bill is able to inject a bit of wit into most of the strips. Drum isn't taking some of the situations he's in any more seriously than we should. These little touches make the character that much more enjoyable.

In closing I'd like to mention that Drum's Pa is a great addition to the monthly adventures. The easy sexual interplay that he and his father share (plus the fact that his dad's one hot older man!) strikes a chord in me. What a wonderful fantasy! And after all, isn't that what the strip is intended for? Fun. Fantasy. In those respects it's more than filled the bill.

Hope I can look forward to seeing your work in *Drummer* every month, Bill. And thanks for the great fantasies.

R. Koger  
San Francisco, CA

## MASSEY FERGUSON INDEED!

Let me tell you how much I love your magazine and try never to miss an issue. *Drummer* 65 was excellent; however, there was a big credibility gap in "The Trucker and The Cyclist." Of course the credit flat-out stated "Bullshit by Robert Payne", but there was one glaring thing that destroyed my suspension of disbelief—Massey Ferguson? No self-respecting trucker would be caught dead or alive wearing a hat with "Massey Ferguson" emblazoned across the front. Kenworth or Peterbilt, yes; Massey, no way.

A trucker wearing a Massey hat would run the risk of being mistaken for a farmer. Massey makes tractors and farm equipment, not trucks. Get your research



straight. Other than that one oversight, however, the men in the photos were both hot and I have had to pry the sticky pages apart several times.

I also loved Mark I. Chester's "Men in Rubber" in *Drummer* No. 64. I hope *Drummer* will do more rubber articles in the future.

B.R. Shields  
Rupert, ID

## RUBBER PAST

Words cannot describe my delight with Mark Chester's "Men in Rubber" article in issue 64. I sincerely hope it's the first of many to come.

For me, it all started when I was 12 during a family vacation in Missouri. We stopped at a gas station and suddenly there I was in the bathroom face to face with my first condom machine (these being illegal back home in Iowa). Better yet, there were quarters in my pocket. It was a great vacation.

From there I moved on to inner tubes, rubber bands, O-rings—anything in rubber upon which I could lay my young hands.

While in high school I started to explore the wild world of mail order. Body building magazines yielded a rubber swimsuit that never went to the beach and a short wetsuit "for fighting flab." There were condoms and more condoms, fantasies and more fantasies. My mother was always finding something she didn't want to see.

And so it went for many years, jerking off into condoms, making my cock sore, and dreaming of being encased head to toe in the same substance encasing my throbbing dick. The best fantasies went far afield—outer space, under the sea, to other times and dimensions. Major themes were captivity and transformation: strange operations to adapt my body to a different environment, old holes are closed or fit with tubes and plugs, gills are added if the fantasy is going into the ocean, and always a layer of shiny black rubber is bonded to the skin so it can never be removed. The changes are permanent and complete. I am ready—rubber android slave—to serve for eternity on an intergalactic galley.

19 years after that trip to Missouri I am gradually realizing some of my old fantasies and finding new ones every day. It's a fertile field for the imagination.

One final fantasy: Dirk Dykstra starts drawing men in rubber. The possibilities are endless...

Tom Morgan  
New York City

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS, DRUM, TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHIT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GUIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MEMBERS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS, GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments appearing in DRUMMER. Copyright 1983 by Alternate Publishing

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GOMER





Photo by JIM WIGLER

Originally to have been the history of "The Quarters", an exclusive and infamous training school for discipline and obedience in San Francisco's South of Market area, managerial complications thwarted what would have been the first authentic look inside an ongoing dungeon. But you can't keep a good idea down, and "The Quarters" became THE COMPOUND—new officers, new recruits, new documentation of what is still a unique facility. And, after an invitation went out to original subjects who had received their training at the historic old Quarters, a good dose of the raw and ruthless beginnings are included. You are invited to come along with Drummer's photographers and Topmen, our DI's and writers for the whole schmeer. Edited by Robert Payne himself. For December release.

**SNEAK  
PREVIEW**

Photo by JIM MOSS















**SNEAK  
PREVIEW**

DRUMMER DADDIES was a phenomenon we still can't believe. If you read the first version, then you were there at the beginning. Grab DRUMMER DADDIES II when it comes off the press and treat yourself to all new photographs, stories of sons looking for daddies, daddies looking for sons—experiences and relationships that are as exciting and authentic as anything you've ever imagined.

With all new photography by Jim [illegible] of Folsom Magazine capturing the studs and the sexiest sons in the country, with the choice stories from the thousands we received after the first DRUMMER DADDIES, this is going to be the one publication everyone is reading. Early October release.

**DRUMMER  
DADDIES**















DOWN  
DOWN  
WELCH



PEAK  
VIEW





He has a compulsion to serve, to atone for  
body and soul—abused, humiliated  
beyond what men ever could tolerate.  
His beauty and his servility are used by his  
their every whim  
will feature the photography of Jim Moss  
who will be cast in the role of the young  
surfer. Early 1964 release.





I'm use to having guys get on all fours and beg me to whip their ass. I'm use to breaking in previously un-fucked assholes, shoving my cock down the throats of dudes who swear they've never sucked a dick in their life. I never set out to be a top, I just always was, and I've got everything it takes to be a top: a hot, muscular, hairy body; a big, thick, always-ready cock, and an attitude. I've got a lot of attitude. Like: if you don't get down on your knees for me, you can take a hike. If you won't open your asshole for my meat, you can forget it. If you can't take my hand or a belt across your ass, you can take a walk. I don't have patience and I don't have time to fuck with anyone who isn't ready to crawl.

That is, until I met Lewd Lew, the tattoo artist. Artist my ass, Lew was a prime example of a posturing little queen who likes to pretend to be a man by sticking a needle dipped in ink on a real man's skin.

I had this idea to have a tattoo on my bicep that said *On Your Knees, Asshole!* which is just how I feel about things. A bartender in a joint I frequent when I'm out looking for someone to abuse suggested I go to Lewd Lew—said he's do anything.

# Shaved, Pierced & Tattooed

SNEAK  
PREVIEW



"When I walked in Lew nearly dropped his teeth. He looked me over like I was pure gold and he was a jeweler. There wasn't anyone in the shop and when I told him I was there for a skin job he wasted no time pulling down the shade and flipping over the sign in the window to announce he was CLOSED for the day. I just grinned. This asshole would have tattooed the Sistine Chapel on my toe nails if I wanted.

"I told Lew what I had in mind. He invited me to sit in his converted barber's chair and take off my shirt. I figured I'd give him a real treat and suggested since he was all locked up that I might as well strip down and get comfortable. Lew just clucked and cooed and told me to go right ahead. He tried to look busy while I unpeeled, but he didn't miss a thing. I settled my naked ass in the chair and there he was, drooling. I tensed my ass cheeks a bit and made my cock swell and stir and he drooled even more.

Lew said the tattooing would go smoother if I let him strap my arm down so I wouldn't accidentally jerk and cause the needle to miss or go in too deep. I fell for it. That was my first mistake, if my real









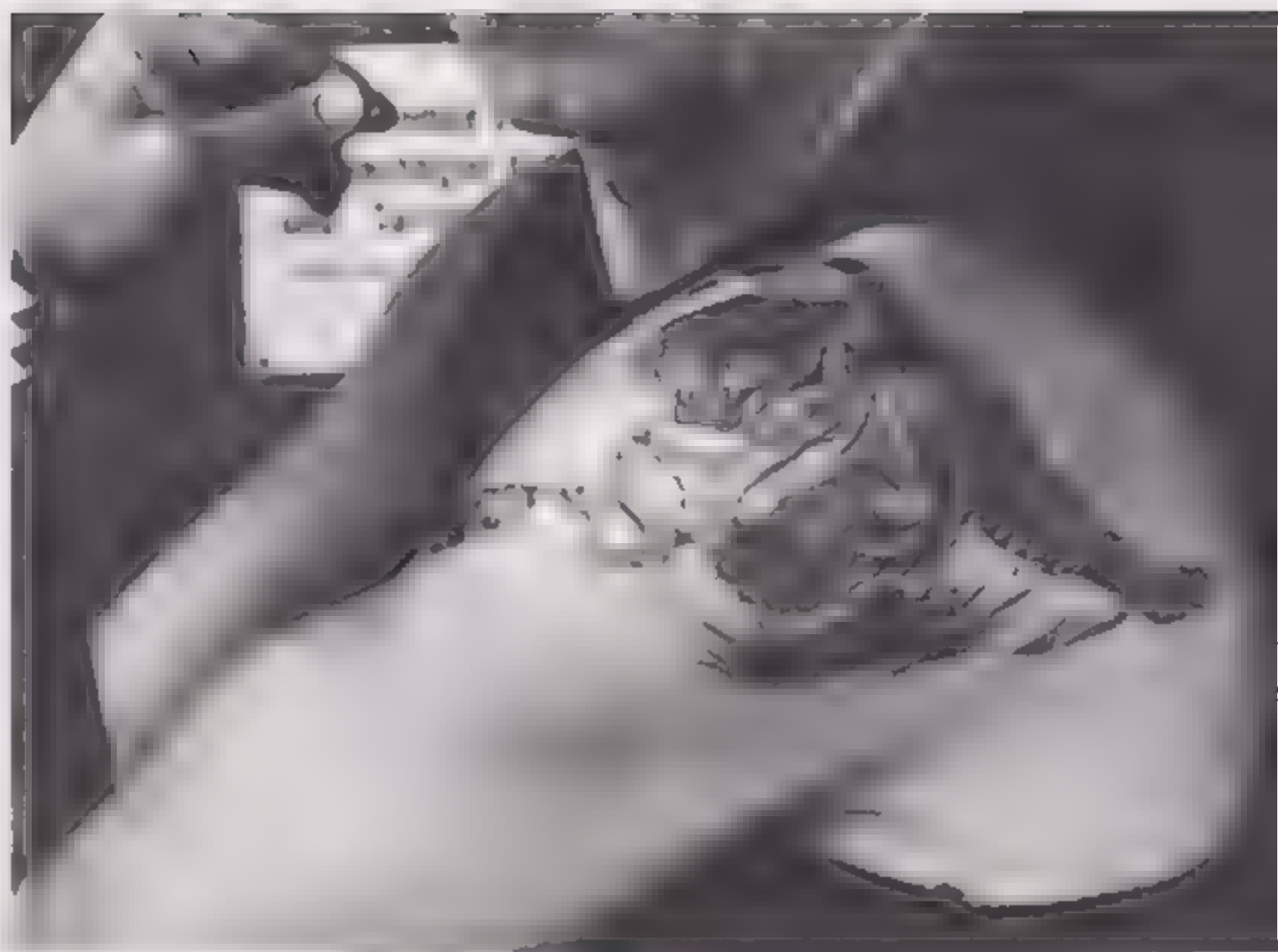
# Shaved. Pierced & Tattooed

mistake hadn't been to come to this dive in the first place

"I was contemplating my strapped-down and buckled arm and didn't notice Lew expertly slip around and secure the other one. I couldn't get up. You try getting out of a chair with your arms strapped down! He pulled a leather hood over my head and announced that I had too much hair around my monster cock; he said if he shaved it a bit it would look even bigger. And he reminded me that a wrong move might mean I would be singing soprano from now on, but shaving my crotch was only the beginning of a nightmare I will never forget."

—from *Shaved, Pierced & Tattooed*, a Drummer super publication filled with true confessions and explosive fantasies about the rituals of shaving, piercing and tattooing

Photo by ROGER PHILIP





# DRUMSTICKS



*Blow-job*



*A Chicken and his Hawk find ecstasy.*



By the time these pages are in your hands, HE AIN'T HEAVY, HE'S MY LOVER will be in the bookstores, our first book of cartoons, filled with the delightful humor of Carlo Carlucci. We've chosen a sampling of his work in the *Drummer* vein—his cartoons have appear everywhere from *Manifest* to *The Advocate*. However, the bulk of the cartoons in this book are being published for the first time.

The most devastatingly witty part of the book, a special section called "The War Between the Machos and the Sissies", is not to be missed. Mr. Carlucci certainly has our number and he has filled the pages of his book with it. You'll find yourself there too, we're sure.

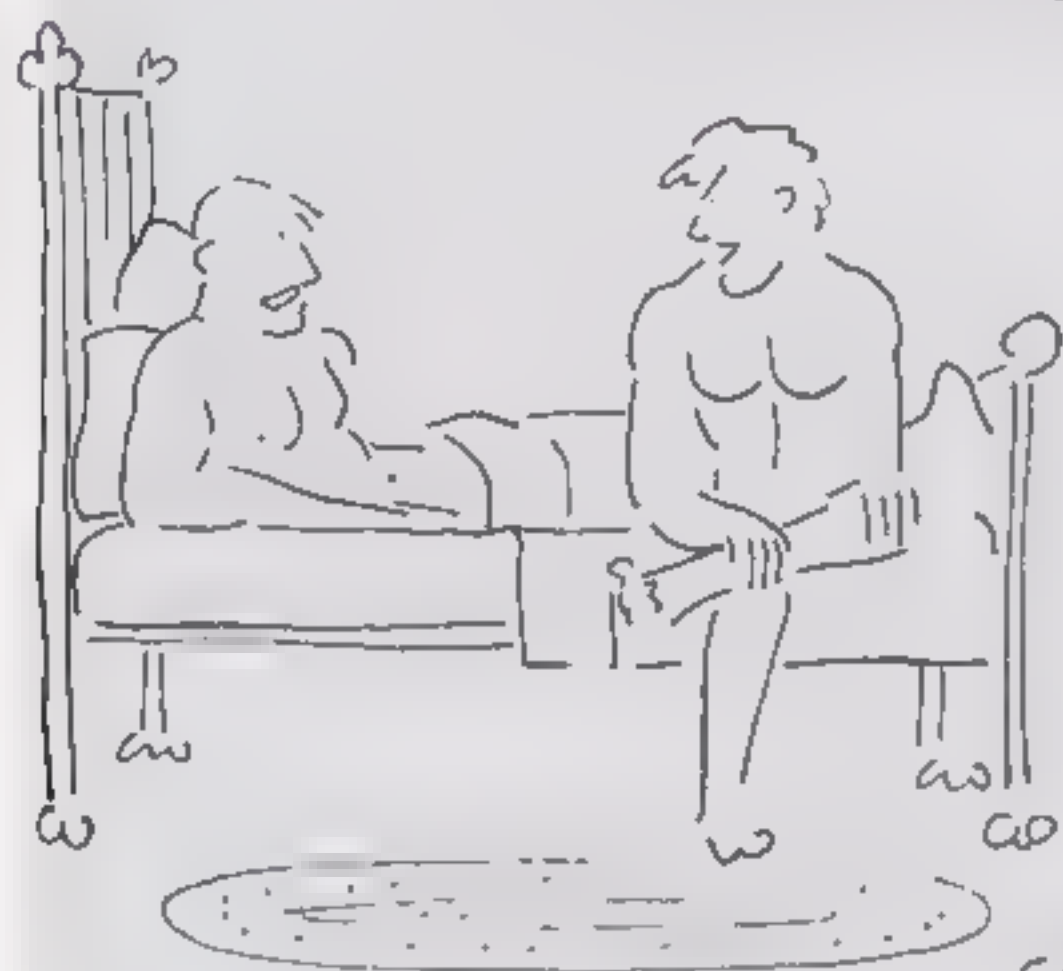


*Carlo*

*"I'm not much into S&M either."*



# SNEAK PREVIEW



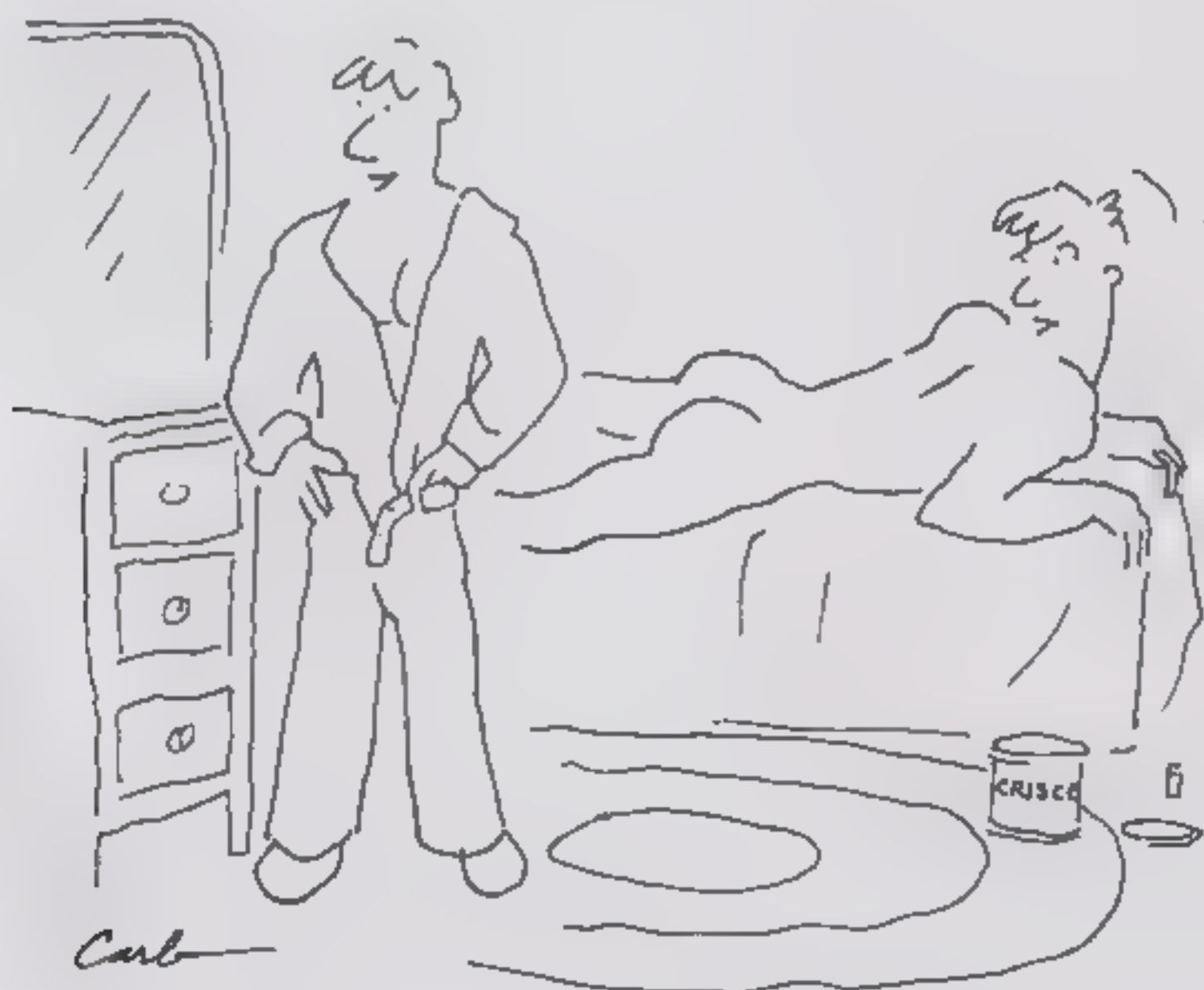
CARLO

"Well, I think it's damned unfair!  
You could've at least tried to look a little bottom "



Carlo

"I don't think it's still contagious."



Carlo

"Say, John, have you seen my wrist-watch?"



# FUCKBLOOD

To those men  
who still believe  
they are immune...

## BLEEDING WITH JOY

Early last fall I ran  
into a handsome, sun-  
burned man on Castro Street  
a hunky city farmer,  
thorn-hairy tough, who turned  
me on, who turned me over,  
who plowed my field  
until it bled  
with joy, with pain.  
My body felt as if a thousand  
horses had run over it  
and furrowed me.

## NORMAL

A week later, I returned  
to Normal, Illinois,  
to my love, my teaching  
and my hothouse plants.  
Tried to revive  
the swollen, uncut  
cactus my boyfriend had  
almost killed with care  
while I was gone away.  
Then nearly spent myself  
bleeding scores of freshmen  
essays with red ink.  
However, whenever deadlines  
met gave both of us a chance  
to flee, we stalked  
poodles and unicorn, packed  
memories and dreams, danced  
naked under trees  
at noon, at night.

## SCRAPS OF PRESS REPORTS

And then, one day, it dawned  
on me that the hunky stranger  
whose name I never knew  
had dropped death-  
ly seeds into my earth.

First I threw up  
disbelief, then anger, rage,  
drooled guilt, self-pity, fear  
before I fought deficiencies,  
immunities, communities  
before I tried to heal myself.

But all in vain, it seemed.  
My body's rotting now:  
thistledown is growing  
on my throat, purple flowers  
eat my skin. Right now I live  
on scraps of press reports  
or jargon, food or drugs  
which turn all seasons  
into one: too weak to kick  
up further fuss, too strong  
to go.

On the other hand, my friends  
no longer scapegoat me.  
Instead, they write or call  
or organize. But none of all  
I have survived on baskets  
of my boyfriend's love  
whose loyalty has brought  
silver linings  
to his hair.

## THE MASTER

Then, suddenly, everything  
changed. Late last night  
my lover had just left,  
the sun-burned leather  
god, bract-hairy, tough,  
forced his way into my private  
room at the Mercy Hospital  
Center.

"Turn over, buddy," he said.  
"I've come to get you. Now.  
You're mine. For good."

"What the hell...?" I wanted  
to shout, but only thistle  
fluff flow out of my mouth.

"Hurry up, boy," the Master  
urged and walked straight  
toward my bed.

I saw frost on his sun-  
glasses and instantly I knew  
that my minutes, my seconds  
of grace were running out.  
That moment an earthquake  
hit my brain; I felt  
old fuckblood turn to wine.  
"No," I said with all my  
voice. "I am, I am not  
yours. So help me God.  
So help me... God."

"Die down, sucker. Smell  
the ground. You don't need  
God no more," he grinned.  
"I've come." He turned,  
removed his cap, unzipped  
his jeans, switched off  
the light. "For the last  
time, sweet ass, turn over."  
He dropped his boots  
his voice. "Don't waste  
my time."

I have to work fast  
planes again. Lost souls.  
The usual shit. You know.

Stillness filled the dark.  
Silence.  
Except for the sound of black  
leather hitting the floor.  
The intimate stranger moved  
closer, bent over me. I felt  
his grip, his breath.  
"Remember, babe, we said  
hope and death are risks  
that must be run  
by all of you."

Martin Thomas



BONUS BOOK SECTION

# THE BOOK

BY MASON POWELL





I was straight, and that was one thing I was sure of. I had a girl that I was almost engaged to, and that proved something, didn't it? Even if she and I hadn't gone all the way, well, she wasn't that kind of girl! I had no doubt whatsoever that I was straight, and no two ways about it!

I was almost as sure of that as I was that the war in 'Nam was a crock of shit and that I couldn't, wouldn't, in any good conscience, take any part in it. —Or in any kind of killing and maiming and butchery.

Well then, what was I doing in the Navy?

That was a question I had asked myself again and again as I sat on my bunk, waiting for the commander of my ship to call for me. I was in the Navy, and what I was doing was against the tradition of the services for more than a hundred years. What would they do to me?

That question was the one I was really asking myself. Every guy who has ever been in the service has heard tales of what happens to men in the Brig. Most of the stories are as much a crock as the war. But there are some of them that persist, and some of them are scarier than others. That's why I was worried, not only what they would do to me on an official level, but what might happen not-so-officially. One of the guys aboard ship told me that he had been in the Brig, and that the only way to survive was to roll with the punches and swing whatever way they wanted you to swing.

That was fine for him to say! He made no bones about what he did at sea when there were no women around and there was nobody watching. But I was straight! And not only that, I was still, technically, a virgin—something nobody else on the ship knew, and that I didn't want to get around. I had a bad enough reputation for deciding, just when they were finished training me and ready to get some of their money back, to become a conscientious objector.

I sat there cursing myself for being the dumbest guy who ever lived, and probably the easiest to push around. My father had pushed me, my mother had pushed me, and instead of fighting back, I just did what seemed easiest at the time. But as I got older I got tired of it, and I started looking for a way out.

Now the average kid of sixteen would look for a job in a gas station, and when he found it, he would start looking for a place of his own. But not me! I decided to become a priest! And weren't my parents pleased?

They were not! They thought the world of all the priests in the world, but to have a son of theirs a celibate and not carry on the family name was going too far. That was the first real satisfaction I ever got out of them, the way they blew up when I told them I was going to do something they had always indicated would be a wonderful thing, not only for me, but for them.

But it got me away from home. There were ten states between me and my parents, and I thought it was paradise for the first two weeks. Then the old gonads started to ache, and I realized that for a boy just turning seventeen, masturbation is not only a necessity, it's a way of life. I coped as best I could, but my confessor got tougher and tougher on the penances, and I started to realize that not only wasn't I physically ready for the rigors of celibacy, I was beginning to doubt the whole theology that required it of me.

I held on for nearly a year at the seminary, but my body got stronger and my faith got weaker. It was war between the father superior and me, and finally the old buzzard decided I wasn't worth the effort and kicked me out.

That left two alternatives. I could go home in shame, or I could find a job. Not being trained in anything but praying, jobs were scarce. My self-confidence was pretty low, too. That was why the big poster and the TV ads telling me how I could learn a trade and see the world in the Navy started looking attractive. Being dumb and easy to push, I joined.

And my parents who were always so patriotic it made me want to puke, were they happy? They were not! They didn't figure they had raised a son just so he could go off and get killed! Why couldn't I have done like the boy down the street, and got the local Quakers to say I was a conscientious objector?

I realized, as I turned eighteen, that my parents were hypocrites. Worse, that practically everybody was. And worse than that, that I wasn't and had no desire to be.

The Navy started out pretty good for me. I liked boot camp in San Diego, and I started to take an interest in my body, which I now realized was pretty good. 'A swimmer's body,' one of my instructors called it. And when I got out of boot camp, I found it was easy to throw myself into learning my new career. I was training aboard a destroyer tender to be a molder, and the smell of hot steel and other molten metals was one I liked.

I made petty officer, third class before my good old conscience got in the way. By that time I had enough free time that I could watch the news and read the papers, and what I saw appalled me. World War II was one thing, napalming little kids was another. I ended up hanging around with a vociferous anti-war crowd aboard ship, a new phenomenon in the Navy of those days; and before I knew it, I was marked as a troublemaker.

Even so, on my own I would probably have never done anything more than gripe if it hadn't been for a party one Saturday night. I got so drunk that I made a speech about how we should all quit, and somebody talked me into putting in for a discharge to see if it would work. I didn't even remember the letter until the Old Man called me in, livid and wanting to know what the hell I thought I was doing.

And even then I could have got out of it just by apologizing and withdrawing the letter and saying it was something I'd done when I was drunk.

But the Old Man was a lot of things rolled up into one. He looked a lot like my father, and he talked a lot like the father superior at the seminary, and something in me just would not knuckle under one more time. I got mad, and I told him I was sticking to my guns, and that tore it.

The next month was hell on water. I pulled extra watches at odd hours. I got extra duties that I knew damn well should have gone to somebody else. Finally I got the flu, and even the medic said I should be in bed. But the Old Man continued his persecutions, and one night, in a fever, I walked off a watch.

Slam! I was under arrest and confined to quarters until they decided what to do with me.

In desperation I wrote a letter to my congressman, that being the only thing I could think of. Hal Rosenblum was at that time considered the nation's hope by the New Left. He was a vigorous campaigner for civil rights and he had spoken openly in Congress against the war. I figured if anybody could help me, he could!

But once the letter was mailed, my last bolt was shot! I knew the military regulations well enough to know that if I persisted I would get my discharge, and that it would be honorable. But how long would I have to persist? And what would I have to go through first?

My answer came too soon.

A message arrived that the Old Man wanted to see me in his quarters in half an hour sharp.

Well, this is it! I thought. Then I realized I was soaking wet with perspiration. I grabbed a dress uniform and headed down to the showers, figuring that it wouldn't be much of a grandstand if I arrived looking like a drowned dog.

The water cooled me off and restored a little of my calm. As I dressed I checked myself out in the mirror, making sure I was shaved and all that.

I was a pretty good-looking kid, I estimated. Blond, with blue eyes. A grin that more than one girl had told me was nice. That 'swimmer's body,' not bulging with muscles, but compact and solid and well-proportioned. I had a nice mat of hair on the upper part of my chest, from just below the nipples on up to the hollow of my throat. A fine line of hair went down the middle of my not-quite-washboard stomach and spread out below my navel into a luxuriant but soft bush around my genitals. My cock was not the biggest one on board ship; but it wasn't small either, and my balls hung down nicely below it. I figured that some day my almost-fiance would have a tough time taking it!



I dressed and headed up to the officer's quarters, and tried to keep my mind off whatever might be coming.

Something turned over in my stomach when I walked in and closed the door behind me. The Old Man was seated behind his desk looking at some papers, but there were three Marines in the room as well—military police, all decked out to the teeth with weapons sticks and leather, and that bothered me. If there is anything in the world a sailor doesn't enjoy seeing, it's a Marine MP.

We went through the usual formalities; then the Old Man got right down to business.

"I've got two pieces of paper in front of me," he said. "One of them is a form all made out in your name, requesting that your request for discharge be dropped. If you sign it, you'll finish your hitch just the way you signed up for, and that will be that. If you refuse to sign it, we'll have to go through the whole procedure of the discharge, and during that time you will be remanded to the custody of these men and live in the Brig, ashore. —That's what the other piece of paper is; the orders turning you over to them."

"Thank you, Sir," I said, "but I still want the discharge."

The Old Man leaned back in his chair and fixed me with a look that sent chills up my spine. It wasn't precisely malevolent, but there was evil in it; and, what really shook me up, there was humor in it too!

"Before you make that decision," he said, "I want you to know

just what it entails. These men are not just military police. They are a special force carefully trained to deal with cases like yours. It will be eight weeks minimum before all the paperwork on your discharge comes through. During that time you will be totally in their keeping. This country has had your kind before. We haven't lasted this long without learning how to deal with them!"

My heart had begun to pound, and I had flashes running across my mind of all the horror stories that I had ever heard of the Brig. But if I gave in now, I realized, the rest of my hitch would be almost as bad as whatever they had planned for me. I could not imagine at that moment that the United States Government would allow anything really monstrous to happen in its prisons. —But I was pretty young, and pretty stupid!

"Sergeant," the Old Man said, "tell this boy what he should do."

The Marine sergeant was standing immediately to my left and a little closer to the Old Man than I was, so I could see his face clearly as he stood in place and spoke. He and the two corporals with him were all a head taller than I was, and they had broad shoulders and muscles that bulged through their uniforms. Their physical stature alone was intimidating, but the cruel smile that played about the sergeant's lips as he spoke, the glint in his jet black eyes, and the depth and security of his powerful voice were terrifying. He didn't raise his deep voice, but almost whispered as he spoke.

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"You should sign the form, and go back to being a petty officer, third class. It'll break you, and you'll know you've been broken; but you'll still be able to call yourself a man after you get out. If you get turned over to us, you'll not only get broken, you'll lose whatever right to call yourself a man you have. That conscience that you value so highly will go right down the drain."

What the sergeant said wasn't a threat; it was a promise. He didn't say it like a man planning to do something. He said it like a man who has done it, over and over. I swallowed, and I thought they must all be able to hear my heart pounding.

But it wouldn't do any good to pull out now, I told myself. It was the difference between eight weeks of hell and three years of it. If I could last through whatever they had in mind, I would be out, for once and for all. Further, I could tell the world about it. Let that fall down around their ears!

"I'd still like my discharge, Sir!" I said.

I was frightened, sure! Who wouldn't be? But competing inside me with the fear was something else. I naively half-imagined myself to be like the freedom riders who were putting their lives on the line in Georgia and Mississippi. Like the demonstrators who were matching their passive resistance against the lines of troops trying to get in and out of Port Chicago. Whatever happened to me, I knew there would be a hero's welcome when I got out, and I would be able to strike a tremendous blow for justice!

How stupid can a kid get?

The Old Man signed the papers, the sergeant signed some papers for him, and I marched out behind the sergeant and the two corporals on my way to the Brig.

Nobody spoke until we got to the military prison, a grey, crumbling cement building that was probably put up during World War I, and which should have been torn down before Pearl Harbor. I was marched into an office where a Marine lieutenant looked over my papers, then swore under his breath.

"Shit! A God-damned conshy!"

He looked at the sergeant, then looked me up and down with disgust.

"I hope you boys have fun with him!" he said.

There were more formalities; then I was marched into another room with a stack of strongboxes on one side and a lot of shelves stacked with clothing on the other.

"Strip!" the sergeant said.

I did as I was told and the man behind the counter took all my clothes, except my boots, and all my valuables, filled out a form describing them, got me to sign it, then locked everything in one of the strongboxes. He asked me my sizes, then fetched prison clothing for me. A pair of socks, a pair of dungarees, a pair of standard boxer shorts, and a white teeshirt with BRIG stenciled on the back in big, black block letters.

"Put those on!" the sergeant ordered, still in that menacing, quiet voice, but with the snap of a drill sergeant in it.

I dressed and we marched out.

Past a couple of cell blocks where about fifteen men each were imprisoned. Past a row of cells with one or two men each. Past some cells where there was only one man each. Then, out of the area with open cells and down a long, long corridor with just steel doors on either side.

We turned a corner, went through a door, and were in an open, galvanized metal shower room. There were only three showers, and on one side there was a laundry bin, on the other a shelf with towels and clothing.

"Strip!" the sergeant said again. "And throw your dirty clothes in that bin!"

I almost laughed. It seemed such a stupid thing. I had just put on the fresh clothes. But there are three ways of doing things, and the military way is the dumbest.

Then it occurred to me that what I was about to get might not be a shower. This was a distant, and as far as I could tell, an empty part of the building. My mouth went dry.



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"I just put these on. . . I stammered, but the sergeant cut me off

"Shut up!" he said softly. "And when you speak to me, if you ever have reason to speak to me, first say: Sir! Yes, Sir!, and when you've finished speaking, say, Sir, again."

He had that damned smile on his lips, and suddenly I was mad as hell. I smiled back at him, my most boyish, irrepressible grin, and said: "Sergeant, I'm not sure I quite remember the way the ranks work, but is a Marine sergeant superior to a Navy petty officer, third class?"

His smile didn't waver, but he gestured to indicate our surroundings.

"Here it is," he said. "Now strip!"

I did as I was told, terrified, wondering what they were going to do to me. As soon as I had my clothes off, however, one of the corporals turned on the water, told me to adjust it myself, then all three stepped back and the sergeant told me to shower.

I thought at that moment it was the scariest shower I'd ever had. More so than the one at camp, when I was a kid, where you had to do it in the dark for an initiation and they told you there were snakes that hung around under the showers. I finished, took a towel, and dried myself off. As I finished a bundle of clothes hit me in the face and the sergeant told me to dress again, and then we marched off again, deeper into the dim corridors of the prison.

The last corridor we came to had no doors at the sides, only one at the end, and it was to this one that I was taken. It was a steel door with a little steel window in it and a trap at the bottom for sliding food in. There were bolts at three places on it, and the sergeant opened it for me to go in.

"This is where you'll live for the next eight weeks," he said. "You'll get three meals a day. The morning meal will be a little late, because you'll have a session with us before breakfast every day. Eat what they give you; you'll need it. And eat it when it comes, so you stay on schedule."

He stopped talking, so there was nothing else for me to do. I walked through the door into the cell. The door slammed behind me with a clang, and in a momentary flashback to my days at the seminary I thought: "I'm in the hands of the Inquisition!"

The cell was small and had no windows. There was a ventilator in the ceiling, and a heat duct, and a fluorescent light behind glass that had wire in it, so it couldn't be broken. There was a cot with a pillow and blankets, and a sink with hot and cold water, and a toilet that had had the seat removed.

It wasn't as bad as I had imagined, but it wasn't the Ritz, either.

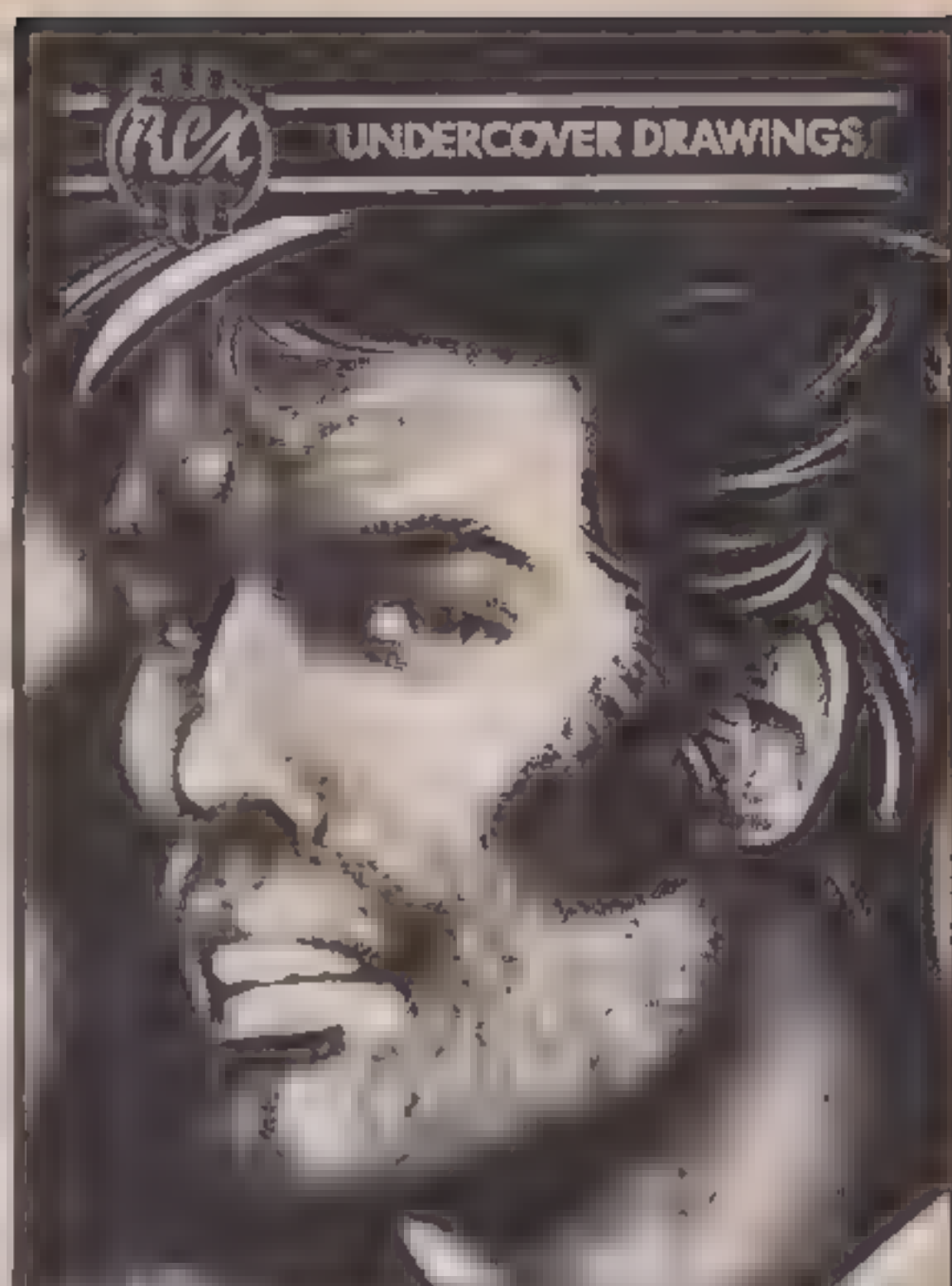
It had been morning when I left the ship and checked in at the Brig, so I figured the first meal they slid under the door was lunch. Actually, it looked more like the binges with sawdust added, and that from me who had never been critical of military cooking; not after my mother! But I ate it, and it wasn't bad. That is, it wasn't nasty. It was flavorless! A sort of porridge, with a glass of something that wasn't water, but wasn't anything else either to drink.

I figured the first thing I would have to do was figure out how not to be bored between whatever ominous 'sessions' the sergeant had in mind for me. There was no one to talk to. There was nothing to read, not even on the white-washed walls. The room was even warm enough, so I couldn't pretend I was a monk in a cold monastery. I tried praying, but that turned out to be a bad idea. The only thing I ended up praying for was deliverance from the Brig, and that only served to strengthen my fears.

By suppertime I knew the boredom was going to be bad, so I tried to focus my interest on the food. But it was the same thing as lunch, only more of it. That was when I knew the boredom was going to be bad, and the food a major part of the boredom.

I lay down on my cot and decided that I would work on my talent for daydreaming. Every kid in the world gets told he's no good because he daydreams too much. Maybe this was my chance to make use of an otherwise useless talent!

After I'd gone through my whole life at least twice, I began to wonder when they were going to turn the lights off. And after I'd



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gone through my whole life ten more times, I realized they weren't going to. By then I was tired, so I went to sleep.

I was awakened by a churning in my guts and a very sudden call to nature. I got to the toilet and my lunch and dinner in a pretty much unchanged form, it seemed to me, exploded out of my ass. I always hated those kinds of sudden diarrhoeas, and cursed the cooks in the Brig, then the Marines, then the Old Man. When the seige was over I got back in bed and drew the covers up, but I was barely asleep when I heard the bolts of the door shot and the door opened.

"Get up!" the sergeant barked

Had the whole night passed? Usually I was just about ready to get up when it was time to get up. Maybe the schedule at the Brig was different, I noted, climbing up, still dressed

"Come on," the sergeant said, his voice now back to normal

I left my cell and there I was, back between the same two corporals, behind the sergeant, marching down the grey corridors. They took me to the shower room and once again I was required to strip and shower. But this time as I finished drying myself off, the sergeant said: "Look at me!"

He was standing directly in front of me, and I did as I was told

"Parade rest!" he said

I took the required position, hands behind my back, legs apart

One of the corporals stepped on into the shower stall and turned on the water again. He adjusted it so that it poured down my back, the top of the spray hitting at my neck, the rest on my back and butt

The water poured down for a long time, then I noticed that it was slowly getting hotter. The sergeant stood there in front of me, silent, with that damned smile playing on his lips and in his black eyes. The water got hotter and hotter. I knew now what the first game was going to be, and I determined to beat it. I stared him straight in the eyes and held on as the water became scalding. My back, my hands, my ass, all were screaming with the pain of the searing water. Clouds of steam rose up all around me, and the sweat trickled down into my eyes and burned. But I wasn't going to give in!

Finally the sergeant nodded and the water stopped. The second corporal threw the towel at me and I nearly fumbled it, so great was the relief of not being burned any more and so shaky was I. I was ordered to dry myself and dress, and then I was marched back to my cell, and the first ordeal was over

But as I went through the door, the sergeant said as quietly as always: "Eight weeks!"

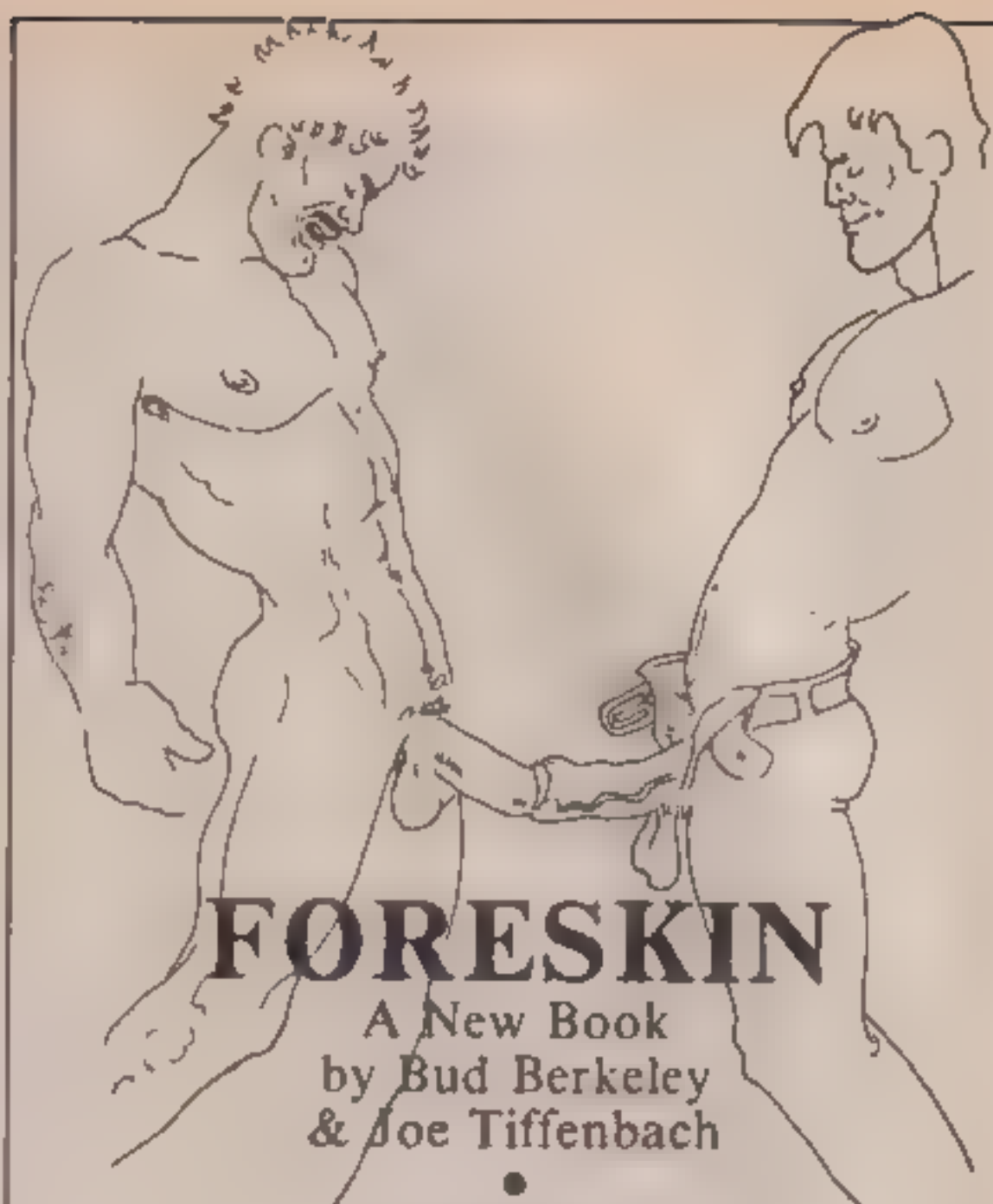
And with sudden and full comprehension, I understood what he meant. He didn't have to do anything with me quickly. He had eight full weeks in which to break me, and he meant to do it slowly and completely! ☐

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# Waves Like Evil Angels On a Cold Black Tide

by Tim Barrus

On the bad nights sleep comes to him slowly. I had to hold him naked in my arms. The voices were getting worse. He'd broken out in a feverish sweat. I held his damp head against my chest. I slowly ran my fingers through his thick dark hair. His dreams came in waves like evil angels on a cold black tide.

Miguel hadn't been hearing the voices for a couple of months. I thought that perhaps we were into some kind of remission. The night they came back I wanted to beat the shit out of him. I held on tightly instead.

He knew that it was going to be a difficult night. Earlier in the evening he'd begged me to fuck him. Our scenes together could be like ritualistic purges. As if being fucked hard enough, forcefully enough...would drive the voices out. Sometimes it did.

"Fuck me, Tim." His large soft brown eyes seemed troubled and intense. It was a request that I had heard before.

I had him lay down and I stripped him. I straddled his round brown ass and deeply massaged his strong muscular back. Massage always seemed to help.

My fingers slowly found their way into his tight hairless rectum and slowly worked their way into him loosening him up. I lubricated my cock and was about to slowly penetrate his asshole when Miguel suddenly lifted up his hips and took my hard thick cock into his hole in one unexpected gulp.

"I said fuck me, Tim. Now fuck me."

He didn't want gentleness, tenderness, or anything remotely passive. I pushed into his love hole with a vengeance. I would pull it all the way out and then plunge back into him. I grabbed the back of his hair and jerked back his head and rode that baby for all he was worth.

"Rip my asshole open. Fuck me to my tits. Fuck me!"

Miguel needed to feel, needed to be penetrated by a force more powerful than the crazy voices that from time to time invade his head. I am jealous of the voices. I may own his ass but they can invade his dreams. I am engaged in my own pitched battle with the voices. I slammed my thick cock into his asshole up into his guts and came into him with everything I had.

Lately the voices and I have been fighting each other with an intensity heretofore unexperienced in the relationship. I came into the bathroom once last week, Miguel was sitting naked on the toilet, head lowered and held between his hands, rocking gently up and down, up and down. He didn't even know I was there until I touched him. I believe in lots of touching.

We've been together eight years. People sometimes ask where we met. Rarely do we tell the truth. At the time we were both twenty and patients on the seventh floor of St. Francis Hospital in San Francisco. The seventh floor is known locally as the "faggot funny farm." The lounge TV is on twenty-four hours a day, the doors are electro-magnetically controlled, the air is stale and disinfected. There is nothing "funny" about the seventh floor. More like quiet resigned despair.

Miguel was my roommate. They put us together because we were both young, both queer, both insane, and if we fucked each other maybe we'd be too busy to fuck and suck the rest of

the ward.

Miguel didn't look crazy. He was an aspiring actor. He's hispanic, muscular, dark, and has the most incredible slow smile. Always the smile.

I was the one who probably looked crazy. Some people "come out" as easily as the sun at noon. I had just "come out" of the closet and out of a failed marriage. There was nothing easy about it. I "came out" to my wife who picked up our new baby daughter and ran as fast as her legs would carry her back to her parents. I "came out" and "went into" one of my certifiable depressions. Total, dark, inner, twisted, panicked depression.

One late night on the ward Miguel stood silently near the foot of my bed.

"Hey, man, are you asleep?" He asked.

"Who can sleep in this fruitcake factory?" I said.

He laughed. "What I'd really like to do is climb under those warm sheets with you, if you know what I mean."

I knew what he meant. Miguel and his fierce need to touch and be touched did more for me than all the psychiatrists, pills, and talk, talk, talk ever did.

"Let me eat your asshole. You've got a great ass... for a white boy. I'd really like to shove my tongue up your hole as far as I can ram it up there."

My gay sexual experimenting had been shy and limited to two older men who'd been as closeted as I had been. I'd been sucked off... that was about it. I had never even considered or fantasized about some guy wanting to stick his tongue up my ass.

I lay on my back with my legs up while Miguel went to work with his mouth.

"Bear down and open up your hole as much as possible, Tim."

I followed Miguel's directions and felt his slippery warm tongue exploring me and eating my ass. I loved it.

I fought against loving Miguel. You're not supposed to fall in love with a crazy. But he was the only fruitcake I'd met who could laugh about his voices... his casa de voz, who called himself El Loco.

One night he put on a one man show for me. He'd appeared in *Romeo and Juliet* as Mercutio at the American Conservatory Theatre where he is a company member. He transformed our room into an imaginary scene set in Verona. Dancing on top of beds, brandishing swords on chairs, and eventually dying with a plastic red rose in his mouth, I was treated to a gustful Shakespearean performance. He made me laugh and I hadn't laughed in weeks. It was difficult not to love him. It still is.

We developed a plan wherein we'd get our acts together, get out of the St. Francis, move in together, and see what happened.

Our plan was frowned upon by our doctors. Doctors know what's best for everyone. We were insistent.

Being crazy involves a lot of risk. It can involve being on intimate terms with parts of yourself that most sane folks repress. We were used to risk. Any relationship involves risk. Perhaps the reason that we've been together for eight years is because of the fact that we are acutely aware of the nature of the risk of day to day living. We are used to risking our sanity on a daily basis.



After eight years our sanities and selves have become so intertwined and connected as to defy psychoanalytic definition. We've had to be creative in order to survive.

One night, a long while back, after we'd returned to our apartment from a dance jam at the Stud, Miguel asked me to hit him.

"What?" I asked.

"I said that I want you to hit me. I want you to hit me really hard. I'm a sonofabitch. I really am. I'm no good for you. Hit me. Hit me, Tim."

"Miguel, I can't hit you. Why would I want to hit you? Stop it. I love you. You know that."

"I want you to hit me."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. I'm bad. The voices say that I'm bad. That's why. Now, hit me."

"No."

He went over to the living room wall, smashed my only framed photograph of my kid, and ripped the photo to shreds.

"You see. I am bad. I'm bad for you. I don't deserve you. I...."

I hit him across the face with the full fledged blow of my open hand. He practically flew across the room. I went after him and hit him again. I wrestled him to the floor. I took hold of his sweaty T-shirt and ripped it off of him. I pulled his pants down to his knees and spanked his bare ass until slight red raised welts appeared. I grabbed a handful of hair and fucked him in his ass so hard he'll never forget it. I about twisted those tits right off of him. He cried. When I came I pushed his face into the floor and spanked him again.

Ever since that time I've never hesitated to pull his pants down and spank his bare ass forcefully if I feel that he needs it.

"Tim, why do you love me?" He recently asked.

"Well, aside from your hot fuck hole, and the fact that you're probably the only person on earth who enjoys sticking their tongue up my ass, I probably love you because you're crazy as shit. I'm not sure that I could love anyone stupid enough to call themselves sane.

"I love you and I admire you, you frustcake. I like the way you tell people to their face exactly what you think. You're one of the few totally honest people I've ever met. I mean, it never even occurs to you to play up to people. It's just not you. Life is not a popularity contest for you.

"I love you because when I see you work onstage it's as if you become your characters. It's weird. I love you because you are weird. Okay? I love you because you've made me see so many small joys around being alive—when I didn't always feel like being alive. You're always there to point out the pure idiocy within myself. I love you because you need me. I love you because I need you. I love you because I like to stick my hot thick juicy hog cock up your crazy rectum. Is that reason enough for you?"

Miguel can be full of surprises. Where I usually function in a state of unconscious "what am I going to defrost today for tomorrow," Miguel functions basically in the here and now.

One night we were walking home on Market Street. It was a night like a thousand others. We'd just come out of a Castro bar. They came out of nowhere from behind us. There must have been five or six punks, a couple of baseball bats, and some angry words about the fags and the maricones.

I was slow to react. My first impulse was to run until I realized that half a block away there were more of them waiting for us to run into them. A couple went for Miguel and he reacted with a quick fury that startled everyone. Miguel pulled out the knife that he frequently carries. He went on the offensive and began punching, kicking, cutting, and screaming obscenities in Spanish. He stabbed at anything within his range.

"Hey, this fucker's cut my face, man!" Blood was coming out of an ugly gash across one of the punks faces.

"This motherfucker's crazy, man. Come on!" As quickly as they had come they disappeared into the night.

"You see... I am good for something." He said. "I ought to

take out an ad: *Rent a nut. One certifiable maniac for rent. Protection from punks: Call\_\_\_\_\_*"

I thought that the fight incident might bring on another bout with the demons. It didn't. It was a good period. That was the summer when he did Shakespeare In The Park. He played various parts in the plays of the Bard in Golden Gate Park. My favorite role of all time is Miguel as Puck in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There is a pagoda in the park on Glass Lake. In the evening it becomes quiet and empty. I made love to Miguel there that summer.

His remission from the voices ended that fall. Miguel started sliding and we both started doing valium. Faggot therapy. We'd get ripped to the tits and go out to the Stud. The Stud is cheap, sleazy, and unique. We'll dance until we drop. We get off on the old hippies the drag queens, the leather, and all our old friends from St. Francis who practically live at the Stud. The chaos is external and focuses outside of any inner tumult. Someday the old worn wooden floor is going to cave in with 300 drugged, crazed faggots dancing their way into Hell.

For the past season Miguel has been appearing in the lead of ACT's version of *Bent*. His hair's been shaved to the nub. He's gotten incredible reviews. We went to a cast party last night. Miguel seemed so sure of himself, confident, in total control, smiling... always the smile. Soon his eyes said to me, "... take me home now."

The drive home was cold and rainy. He said nothing. I could tell that it was going to be a bad one. I got him in the door of our apartment and all the confidence, the total control... vanished. I sat him in a chair with his coat on while I built a small fire in the fireplace. The small room soon warmed. I took his coat off. His head was lowered and held by his hands. He rocked back and forth, ever so slightly, ever so gently.

I put him on the floor on the rug in front of the fire. I could hear the rain battering away against the window. Miguel curled up into a fetal position. His eyes were vacant. He seemed to be doing battle somewhere else... somewhere so remote and private one might lose oneself on any journey through it with him.

I lay down next to him and held him. Slowly I unbuttoned his sweat soaked shirt, undid his pants, stripped him, and put a quilt over us. I took hold of his face and gently kissed him, slowly putting my tongue into his mouth which accepted me. Physically I was saying, "... baby, I'm here. It's OK..." I turned him on his belly and took some warm massage oil and spread it evenly on his sweaty warm back, buttocks, thighs. I gently kissed his toes, then put each one into my mouth. I explored his feet slowly with my tongue.

I opened the crack of his hairless butt, exposing his small, round love hole. I put my tongue into its small crater-like crevices, kissing, sucking, exploring. Two fingers slowly went into his rectum. Carefully and slowly a third was added. His hole relaxed. His entire body relaxed. Soon, most of my hand had been inserted. He was ready for my cock. I was hard. I oiled myself and eased into the warm lush insides of my lover. I pumped slowly and rhythmically. I took hold of both of his tits with a firm grasp. I pulled his head up for an intense kiss. His brown uncircumcised cock was rigid and jammed underneath the weight of our sweating bodies. I rammed into his love hole. I rode him hard enough to drive the voices out for one brief instant. I came. I rolled us onto our sides and took his stiff erection in my hand. With four gentle strokes he came into my hand. Three long squirts of white jism. I put the come into my mouth savoring its thick sweetness, playing with his sperm in my mouth.

He fell asleep exhausted and wet. It would be a difficult night for him. We will get through this period. We'll hang on to each other, as tight as a bitch, and we'll come through this one.

Tonight the voices will permeate his nightmare sanity like scavengers after a bloody kill. His dreams will come in waves like evil angels on a cold black tide. I slowly run my fingers through his chopped nubby hair and kiss his tortured dreaming lips.



# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

San Francisco—Flash! The *Knights Templar* have risen like the phoenix. A group of men, dedicated to the ideals and practice, have resurrected the commitment to sado masochism and man-to-man sex which made the medieval knights the most infamous and powerful group of its times. The San Francisco group is dedicated to SM, to the sane practice of the same, and to developing techniques. Membership in the group will be exacting which essentially means commitment to SM. To prevent any cults of personalities which have been the bane of other clubs, the Knights will remain loosely structured.

## KNIGHTS TEMPLAR



Michigan Peninsula—By the time you read this column, the Chicago Hellfire Club's Inferno XII will have become history. *Drummer's* publisher, John Embry, and this writer will have attended this year's run. Future issues of *Drummer* will highlight this important annual conference. Stay tuned in!

New York—Spoke to Arthur Haber of *Interchain*. The members of *Interchain* should receive the support of our community because they are consistently trying to raise money for AIDS. It has become a divine obsession with them. They are centering their energies and resources toward combating this terrible disease.

New Haven, CT—The *Guardians, M.C.* will be holding their "6th Pride" in Springfield, MA on the weekend of 23 September. Anyone interested should contact them at: *Guardians MC*, Box 3966, Amity Sta., New Haven, CT 06525-0966.

New York, NY—The *Gay Men's Health Crisis, Inc.*, is having what they are touting as "The World's Toughest Rodeo," in Madison Square Garden on Saturday, 1 October. Prices range from \$10, \$15, \$25, or \$50. Special Patron, Sponsor and Benefactor tickets are available at \$100, \$250, \$500. There will be celebrities, cowboys and clowns. Write: *Gay Men's Health Crisis*, Box 274, 132 West 24th Street, New

York, NY 10011, or give them a call at (212)807-6655. Giving to this very worthy fund raiser helps your brothers and could help you! We all have to fight AIDS.

Atlanta, GA—The *Leathermen Atlanta* are having their 3rd Anniversary run September 23-25. The run will be held in town and it will feature water rafting, a poker run, a banquet and other events. The cost for the weekend is only \$35.00. For more information contact: *The Leathermen Atlanta*, Box 8595, Atlanta, GA 30306.

Jacksonville, FL—The *Brothers MC* will be having their "Reunion '83" in the north Florida woods during the weekend of 7 October. The theme of the run is "basic training." You will have to admit that those two words are loaded with great potential. There will be an appropriate uniform-leather-levi theme for all participants. The exact fees haven't reached me yet. The *Brothers MC* is the second-oldest club in Florida and were recently accepted into the Florida Brotherhood of Clubs. They are a small group of men. As anyone knows, no one should be fooled by age or size. I am sure many new trainees will find that these dudes will bring out the best in them. Don't miss the run! For information on the run contact: *Brothers MC*, 484 May Street, Jacksonville, FL 32204, or call them at (904)358-9393.



Many of us know people who have been struck down by AIDS. It has become a real pervading specter which affects all of our lives. Gay businesses are feeling it in their businesses, bathhouses have closed or are just operating marginally. Many men are having to reassess their lifestyles. Many guys are looking for that "perfect" or sometimes imperfect partner with whom they can share their lives with. He is not that easy to call up.

Even in the pre-AIDS days everyone was looking for the guy. How should clubs be affected? Leather and SM clubs should flourish. Certainly, a number of clubmen have come down with AIDS, but there is within the very structure of the clubs a number of positive factors to be considered. One, the clubs that have a sado-masochistic orientation can allow for a lot of sexual play through SM which does not include penetration. In a good SM scene two guys can play in such a manner where both of them get their rocks off without having to exchange bodily fluids. The exchange of energy between the participants is the highpoint between two people in any scene. A properly orchestrated scene by a reasonable top can bring his bottom to the point of orgasm and then he can decide if he wants to let him get off. The top can find in the scene his own release without having to shove his cock into any of the bottom's orifices. Sure, it doesn't substitute good old fucking or getting ones cock sucked, but it can be both emotionally and physically satisfying. Another factor to consider, is the club scene strips off all of the phoney veneer of the top and bottom and each person gets to see where the other person really lives and I have seen where long lasting relationships have grown between two dudes who met in a club.

In my opening item, I mentioned the formation of the *Knights Templar*. This group of men—tops and bottoms—are trying to answer the needs of the SM man. It is not essentially a "fuck" club. San Francisco has needed a club of experienced, responsible and dedicated men into the sadomasochistic scene, where a criterion for admission is a dedication to SM. The *Knights Templar* in the Middle Ages were a group of religious men who because of their homosexuality and practice of SM ended up being suppressed by the Roman Catholic Church. The rebirth of the *Knights* does not at this juncture have any hint of spirituality, but it is dedicated to the man-to-man, SM relationship. If anyone in the San Francisco Bay Area is interested in the club, drop me a line here at *Drummer*.

Leather/levi, biker, and SM clubs are entering the fall months when many of you are considering your big annual runs or get-togethers. This year, I would like to suggest that you build into your run-budgets a certain percentage of the take which can be given to fight AIDS. Announcements in your pre-run publicity that a portion of the gate money will be set aside for fighting AIDS would bring a larger number of participants and would help your own image in the community, not to mention the real good this money would do. We are all affected by this dread disease in one way or another and are all subject to coming down with it. Each of us should do whatever we can to fight it.

—Frank Hatfield



# WANTED

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# CONRAP

ConRap will appear every couple issues listing the prisoners who have requested correspondance with the outside world. While most inmates are sincere in their efforts to establish contact with someone on the outside—there are a few con artists operating out of the various joints, and the potential *Drummer* penpal needs to exercise some common sense in his dealings.

Robert E. Lusk, Box 747-A-59347, Starke, FL 32091. G/W/M/22, 130#, 5'9" black hair, brown eyes, attractive. Interests are music, sports, sex.

Richard Joe Kidd, B-72191, San Quentin, CA 94974. Ex-Army major, 45, 5'9", 150#. Former POW, gets out in 1984. Into watersports and scat.

Bill Renaud, #076259, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. G/M 24, 5'10", 150#. Into chess and knitting.

Gerald Sampson, #048268, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/B/M, 26, 6'1", 165#. Wants correspondents.

Gary Eagan, Box 41-26325, Michigan City, IN 46360. G/W/M 155#, brown hair, blue eyes. Muscular build, A/P French & Greek. Wants correspondents and J/O photos.

Lloyd Wiggins, #069816, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. B/M, 24, 5'5", 157#. Says he is extremely intel igent and easy going.

Dick Gee, #16541, Box 14, Boise, ID 83707. G/W/M, 25, 5'10", 155#, black hair, brown eyes. Looking for an older man with whom he can share his life and love.

Clyde Valdez, #70639, Camp J, Gator-1-L #14, Angola, LA 70712. No particulars. Wants correspondents.

Charles Pabon, 82A2789-A-Block-L-343, 354 Hunter St., Ossining, NY 10562. 26, 5'7", curly brown hair & brown eyes.

Michael LaFayette, #16581, Box A, Thomaston, ME 04861.

William E. Hogue III, #14688# DOC 25-SJ, Box 30, Pendleton, IN 46064. This man is planning to be released to San Francisco. Articulate and intelligent.

Mike Ledger, #152-197, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. W/M, 26. Mature and lonely man with family and friends, seeks friendship.

David L. Miles, #27173, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. G/W/M, 22, 6'2", 160#, "baby" blue eyes. "Horny, hairy and hot with a nice rump." Looking for a good friend or lover.

Robert Marlow, #061789, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. 22, 5'6", 131#, blond hair, blue eyes. Gets out 12-5 83, needs someone to build a relationship with.

Barry Anderson #040918-15-1112, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. 26, 5'10", 170#. Fox hunter out looking for a foxy man.

Jeffrey Lee Dupert, #166-986, Box 45699,

Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. No descriptive details, is lonely and wants people to write.

Bill Collins, #042531, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/W/M, 29, 5'9", 150#, brown hair, blue eyes. "Would like meeting other gays."

Paul Van Dyne, #315341, Wynne B1-4-14, Huntsville, TX 77340. Is up for parole in 1986 for voluntary manslaughter and wants people to write.

John S. Adams, #073993, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. B/W/M, 29, 5'9", 145#, dark hair, blue eyes, would like to write gays, any age or race.

Anthony G. Cootz, #15995, Box 14, Unit 7, Boise, ID 83707. W/M, 25, 6', 195#. brown hair and blue eyes. Expects parole in 2/84 and is looking to establish meaningful relationship for parole.

William H. Wirsén, SDCC 17222, Box 208 Indian Springs, NV 89070. G/M, no personal stats, wants pen pals.

Arthur L. Wanninger, #012874, H-16-B, Box 158, Lowell, FL 32663. W/M, 39, 5'10", 147#. Wants to share love and life with someone.

Dale R. Milar, #75405-012 (A-Unit), Box 1000, FCI, Milan, MI 48160. 24, 6'2", 175#, brown hair and eyes. Wants someone who is real and sincere over 30.

Martin Swithinbank, #82A3644, Bob B Dannemora, NY 12929. Harvard Business

School grad wants intelligent, lasting friends.

Ferril L. Mickens, #C-18659, Box 600, Tracy, CA 95376-0600. W/M, 25, 5'11", 167#, brown hair and eyes. Self-supporting, needs someone to write to between 18-30.

Lester Day, #23549, Box 41, Michigan City, IN 46360. 23, brown hair and eyes, stocky build, A/P Greek and French. For right person almost anything goes.

Tyrone Little, 63-124 #034487, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. B/M, 28, 5'9", 140#, brown eyes, curly black hair. Wants serious correspondents, has been hurt before and doesn't need it now.

Thomas D. Williams, #071417, Box 221, U.C.I., Raiford, FL 32083. 24, hazel eyes, brown hair. Am looking for love and understanding.

Jesse Ferrell, #079087, Cell 6 D.C., Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. G/W/M, 21, 5'10", 150#, like men over 25 with mature minds.

Charlie B. Brown, #032356, Box 221, Raiford, FL 32083. G/M, 31, 5'8", 160#. Will answer all letters.

Stephen Sanders, #045334, Box 747, Starke, FL 32091. G/W/M, 21, 5'7", 125#, blond, blue-eyed, feminine, very sexy, looking for long-lasting relationship. I am into all sexual variations and will try all.

Jeffrey C. Shick, #158941, Box 45699, Lucasville, OH 45699-0001. G/W/M, age not given, 6'2", 182#, brown hair and eyes. Will answer all.

Bad News: Steven Goss, #072816, Starke, FL, has been reprimanded and counseled by prison officials as a con artist who got money from sympathetic gays.

—Frank Hatfield

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# STUDWORK

by TOM HERMAN

The way I see it, if someone wants to be a fuckin' bottom that's his business. But once he comes on to you, begging and drooling, tells you how much he wants you to use him any way you want to, that's when I figure he better shut up and take whatever you dish out, because that's just what he asked me for. Nothing gets me like a guy who tells me how bad he needs it and then whimpers and cries if he doesn't like what I do to him. Not that it makes much difference one way or the other. I mean, once you've got him tied up there's not much he can do about it. If he gets too noisy, I just stick an old snot rag or two in his mouth. Besides, most of them can take a lot more than they think. I was once beating this guy with a mean bull whip. He was begging me to stop for a good five minutes before I got tired of playing with him. And just about when my arm was getting tired, he fucking came, just like that. He didn't even touch his cock. I figure if a guy really needs it, it don't mean shit what he says. I get enough guys coming back for more to let me know I'm doing something right.

The guys I like are the ones who have real good bodies, smooth skin, and really know what they like. Guys who get so blissed out worshipping me, they don't even know they have limits. Like this guy I knew, Bobby. Bobby's about 23, blond hair, blue eyes, about 5'8" with about the cutest little body I've ever seen.

I noticed Bobby about a year ago in the Mineshaft. He was running around without his shirt so everyone could see his perfect, hairless chest. I liked the way his cute little ass filled out his jeans and I couldn't help but notice a black handkerchief in his right back pocket. To a guy like me things like that are important. So I went up to him and looked him hard in the eye. Since he didn't seem to be going anywhere, I took my right fist and held it in front of his stomach, just enough so he could feel it. He kind of gasped, and I knew he liked it so I pressed in some more. He closed his eyes, he was really getting off on it, so I pressed my fist in as hard as I could. Fortunately he was standing against the wall, so he couldn't go anywhere. I had him pinned there like this beautiful little butterfly. I could tell he was in a lot of pain. He was such a pretty sight I could feel my prick start to get hard. Finally, I pulled my fist back and raised it to his face, level with his jaw. He grabbed my fucking fist with both his hands and he held it at his mouth and started licking it and kissing it, I mean he was really making love to my fist and sort of groaning with pleasure. I thought he was going to fucking come right there. I didn't want him to, so I took my fist away and just stared at his face a little more.

"Please, Sir..." he said

"Yeah, cocksucker?"

"I want to serve you, Sir."

"Oh, yeah? What do you want to do for me?"

"Sir, I'll do anything for you, Sir."

Now that's what I like to hear; but like I say, I wanted to make sure he wasn't going to be a crybaby once I started with the rough stuff. "I gotta take a piss," I said.

"Please, Sir, let me drink it, Sir."

I pulled my old pecker out right there in the middle of the room. He dropped to his knees and practically knocked me over as he gobbled the whole thing down his throat. I had to hand it to him, he didn't spill a drop. And when it was all done I said,

"Did you like that, cocksucker?"

Yes, Sir. Thank you for giving me your piss, Sir." I had to admit I was getting to like this little guy more and more, and he wanted me so bad I didn't have the heart to disappoint him.

"You want to come back to my place?" I said.

"Yes, Sir, very much, Sir." I had to take him to the coat check so he could pick up his shirt and his jacket. I'd been wearing my cycle jacket the whole time. Once he had his stuff on, I slipped my handcuffs off my belt and bound his two hands together behind him. He had a bit of trouble maneuvering the long flight of stairs down to the street, but he made it okay. We hopped into one of the cabs waiting outside and headed for the East Village where I live.

In the cab I took some poppers out of my jacket and took a long hit; then I pulled out my shlong and started playing with it. I looked over at Bobby. He was staring at my pecker like a starving man staring at food. "You like that?" I said quietly—I didn't want the cabby to hear everything. I like my privacy, you know.

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir..."

"You want to suck on it?"

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir."

I just kept on stroking my cock, teasing him and teasing him. Nothing makes me so hot as someone begging for me to use him. I love it when a man grovels and begs for me to fist him or whip him or fuck his face. I mean it's really a high, it makes me feel like a fucking king or something to have some guy begging me to abuse him.

"Hey, what's your name, anyway?"

"Bobby, Sir."

"Well, Bobby, you look like you want it real bad."

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir, please let me suck your cock Sir, please, Sir, please let me suck it, please, Sir."

Now that's fucking music to my ears. I mean if you could've seen how desperate he was to get my big dong in his fucking mouth. It was beautiful. I could tell he was pretty experienced. He knew he needed to wait for my permission to suck on it, but I knew at some point he'd go for it anyway, risk hell or high water, permission or not. Finally he lunged for it, but I caught him by the throat before he could get his fucking mouth on it. I squeezed pretty hard, just to let him know I was strict about giving orders and having things my way. I was starting to choke him, so I finally let go of his throat. But just as soon as he caught his breath his first words were

"Please, Sir, please, Sir..."

"Okay, sucker, but just for a little while."

Talk about a pig in shit. I never saw anything like this guy. He swallowed my whole eight inches and made such sweet love to my dick, I was in danger of coming right away. I had to make him slow down a bit. I took another hit on the poppers and then I grabbed the back of his head and just held him there with my cock down his throat. I knew he couldn't breathe like that, but I was having too much fun to let him up right away. Anyway, that's what he was there for. Finally, I could tell he was trying to pull back his head pretty desperately, so I gave him about a second to take a breath and then pushed his head down again.

By this time we were in front of my house, so I pushed him off me and buttoned up my fly. I live on the third floor of a walkup and I thought just for fun I'd let this fucker crawl up to my



apartment. So I told him to get on his knees and start crawling. The cute thing about it was that his arms were still cuffed behind him, so he had to try to maneuver just with his knees with occasional help from his shoulders and head.

I encouraged him. "Come on, asshole. Climb those stairs. Let's see how low you'll go for your man, cocksucker. Hey, you can do better than that, asshole. Whatsamatter, steps hurt your knees?" Sometimes I'd give him a little kick with my boot. That would make him lose his balance. But finally he made it.

Once we were in my apartment, I undid the handcuffs because I wanted him naked. I ordered him to strip and I took a long look at his body. Something told me I was doing everything right that night. His pecker was sticking straight out, and I knew he was ready for anything. So I walked up to him, stood right in front of him and sort of stuck my tongue out just a little, like I was inviting him to kiss me or something. When he went for it I slapped him hard on the side of his face and then I grabbed him by the hair and pulled his head back. I cleared my throat and spit on his upturned face. It hit him mostly in the eye and then started to dribble down his face. By this time his mouth was open like he was asking me to do it again so he could drink some of my spit. So I did it a couple more times and he swallowed it like he was taking communion.

Well, what I really wanted to do was to beat the shit out of him. So I told him to get back on the floor on his knees and made him unfasten my belt and pull it out from my pants. Of course, he had to do all this with his teeth. When he was done, he sat there like a dog with the belt hanging from his mouth, waiting for my next command. I took the belt and held it in front of him.

"Okay, fucker, this old garrison belt's gonna whip your hide. It's gonna make you bleed, give you nice big welts. Doesn't that sound good? It's gonna hurt real nice."

By now he was sort of moaning and licking the fucking belt in gratitude for what it was going to do to him. "That's right. You just make love to my belt, because it's gonna hurt you real nice. That black leather's gonna look real good on your skin, man. It's really gonna fuck you up."

"Please, Sir..."

"Yeah, boy, what do you want?"

"Please, Sir, beat me, Sir."

"You want it real bad, don't you, boy?"

"Yes, Sir, please, Sir."

"You like pain, boy?"

"Oh yes, Sir. Please, Sir. Please beat me, Sir. I need it so bad, Sir." I must really be soft inside, because I find it so hard to say no to a man who's that desperate. So I took the belt from his mouth and rested it on his back and sort of stroked him real tender with it. I wanted him to savor the anticipation of all the pain he was about to receive. He closed his eyes and moaned some more; he seemed all ecstatic.

I raised the belt over his head and just held it there for a little while. I told him to keep his eyes closed on account of I didn't want him to know when I was going to use it. Finally, I let him have it. He cried out, cause I hit him real hard, but still I didn't like slaves to make any noise. So I told him he better shut up if he knew what was good for him. He was real quiet after that—not out of fear of what I might do to him—shit, I could've done anything to this guy—but just out of blind obedience. So I beat him a few more times on the back and the ass and I could see the welts starting to form. That got me really hot, so I gave him a few more strokes. Man, he looked good like that, lying on the floor at my feet, all marked up from my belt, and just waiting for anything—anything I wanted to dish out.

Still, I figured I'd better stop for a while. I didn't want him to pass out on me or anything. I mean, it's no fun torturing a guy who can't feel it. Anyway, I had to take a shit.

"Hey, Bobby, I've got a surprise for you, kid. I'm gonna let you eat my shit. I got a nice big turd for you. How does that sound, Bobby?" He got up onto his knees and turned around so he was facing me and he lunged at my feet. He just started licking my boots and groaning and stuff. I guess that was his way of saying yes. I told him to wait there while I went into the other room.

I had this trick once who gave me this shit-feeding chair in appreciation for what I'd done for him one night. It's basically just a toilet seat on legs so I can sit on it while someone else lies underneath it and I can feed him my turds. It's a great little toy. I told Bobby to lie face up and placed the chair over him. He seemed to catch on pretty fast to how it worked and everything. Then I sat down. First thing I did, I cut this big powerful fart, a nice loud one, right in his face. It made him sort of writhe in excitement.

"Yeah, smell your man's farts, bobby." He was straining to get his face in my ass as deep as possible. I cut another fart. I could feel his tongue trying to get as far inside my hole as it could go, licking and probing.

"Here it comes, baby. Open up; eat your man's shit." I could feel the stuff coming out of my ass, and old Bobby's face was right there to take it. "Eat that turd, man. Take it. Take that turd from your master's ass." He did too. It was a mean old turd, too big for his mouth.

I got off the chair and pushed it aside. He had half the turd in his mouth and the other half was sticking up in the air. I told him to take the thing out of his mouth and rub in on his stomach. Then I told him to start rubbing it all over his body with his hands. "Let's see you cover yourself with your master's shit, asshole. Rub it all over your stomach and chest, and cover your fucking face with it. That's right, asshole. Cover yourself with your master's shit. That's what you are, boy, a piece of shit. You're scum, boy. Lying there covered with a man's shit. What kind of turd are you? Let a man shit in your mouth, then you rub it all over your body."

He just kept rubbing it on him and moaning. This guy was so happy lying there covered with my shit. By now I had to piss again, so while he was doing his thing with my shit I started to piss all over him. I mostly aimed at his face but I guess I covered his whole body, because when I was done he was lying in a pool of it.

"Roll over on your stomach, asshole. I'm gonna fuck you now." His whole back and ass were real red and bloody from when I'd been beating him. It sure made me hotter than hell. It was nice to see him there all raw and covered with my piss and shit.

"You look real nice, Bobby. You make me real hot. I'm gonna take that ass of yours. I'm gonna use that ass of yours."

I spit a little into my hand and rubbed it on my cock. I spread Bobby's legs and lowered myself into position. I entered him slowly until I knew I was inside him, then I plowed into him as hard as I could. He screamed, but I forgave him. I felt too good to think of punishing him now. I started ramming it into that tight firm ass, over and over, and waves of pleasure surged through my entire body.

"Take it, Bobby, take your man's cock, take that dick. Oh yeah, Bobby."

Bobby was panting. I think he was sobbing in happiness, his whole shit-covered body quivering in pleasure.

"Oh yes, yes," he kept saying. "Fuck me, fuck me!" Well, I certainly obliged. I kept pounding that ass of his and he'd wiggle it and tighten it and do everything he could think of to give me more pleasure.

"Take your man's dick. Feel that hard boner up your asshole. Yeah. Feels so good." Well, I was getting close and Bobby was gasping and groaning and shouting in ecstasy. I increased my rhythm. "I'm getting close, fucker. I'm gonna come, I'm gonna come!"

I just lay on top of him. "You all right?" I asked him.

"Yes, Sir," he said dreamily.

"Did you get your rocks off?"

"Yes, I sure did, Sir."

I rolled off him and took his defiled body in my arms. I kissed him on the mouth. I must be going soft inside, man; I was really getting to like this fucker. "Hey, why don't you get cleaned up? I don't want any shit in my bed."

"Yes, Sir!" he said, and he flashed me the sweetest little smile as he trotted off to the shower. □



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# A.I.D.S. INFORMATION UPDATE

Because the picture on A.I.D.S. (Acquired Immune Deficiency Syndrome) changes constantly, new published information follows suit. Not that we are anywhere closer to an answer about the cause, test for, or cure of A.I.D.S. However, as time and research progress, new theories are explored and sometimes discarded.

The third edition of the *Guidelines and Recommendations for Healthful Gay Sexual Activity* published by The National Coalition of Gay Sexually Transmitted Disease Services is available by writing to NCGSTDs, Box 239, Milwaukee, WI 53201. We suggest you include either return postage or a small donation to help cover the cost of printing and distribution. *Guidelines*, a seven-panel brochure, covers almost all of the STDs that currently face the gay community. A simple scoring system for sexual activity lets you determine if you are in a high-risk group or not (which can be comforting in its own right) and gives you information on having tests made should you think you might be STD-prone.

Thousands of people will participate in a candlelight vigil on Capitol Hill the

evening of October 8, 1983 in Washington, DC. The demonstration of solidarity with the victims of A.I.D.S. and the need for more and immediate federal funding and concern over the A.I.D.S. crisis is being co-ordinated by the National AIDS Vigil Commission (2335 18th Street NW, Washington, DC 20009). Besides the public event, the Vigil Commission is circulating a petition (single sheet, room for 25 names) that will be presented to the Federal Government. You can obtain a copy of the petition and have it signed in your area by requesting it from the National AIDS Vigil. We suggest you include return postage to help defray the costs. The petition is a pre-printed sheet which can be photocopied.

Another grassroots attempt to get government attention and response has emerged from GMHC/New York AIDS Network. A packet of pre-printed post cards, addressed to key government officials (including the President) intended to be filled out and mailed are being circulated in key areas. Information on this project is available from: Jerry Johnson, GMHC/New York AIDS Network, Box 274, 132 West 24th Street, New York, NY

10011. The cards addressed to Mr. Reagan will not be mailed, but presented to him at a currently undisclosed public media event.

An extraordinarily intelligent and provocative booklet, "How To Have Sex in an Epidemic: One Approach" is currently available from: News From the Front Publications, Box 106, 70 Greenwich Ave., New York, NY 10011 for three dollars. If you are currently engaging in non-monogamous sexual activity, you might well consider this primer on safety. It includes some radical but intelligent ideas about pre-sex medical testing similar to, but much more sophisticated than, the ritual blood test used in some states before the granting of a marriage license.

An overview of STDs and A.I.D.S. comes in *Dr. Newman's Guide to the New Sexually Transmitted Diseases* (Acropolis Books Ltd., 2400 17th Street NW, Washington, DC 20009; \$12.95 postpaid). If you are unfamiliar with the spectrum of STDs, you might well consider this a very good investment. Dr. Newman is Director of Preventive Medicine for New Haven, Connecticut.

—John W. Rowberry

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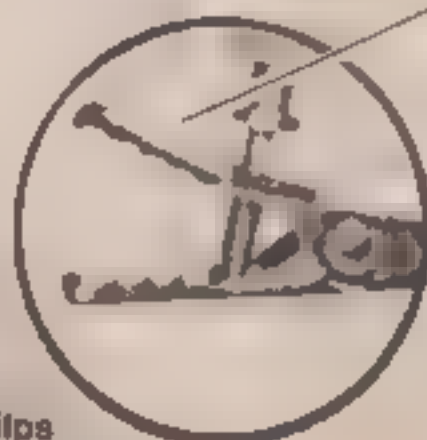
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---

# My Little Friends

---

Ah, Gregor and Igor! Ah, Larry K—I You little devils! What fun we have! Who would have thought—ever thought—of how much fun we have! Who could have thought that I, who am human, and you, who are—!

But there is Brian, at my door! Golden Brian—his tan is much darker than his hair—that angelic hair! And I don't mean just the hair on his head, though, God help me, that would be enough! But those almost white, soft, curly hairs on his body—going down his belly—on his sweet, young butt! I shall certainly let him in!

Come in, Brian. Have a seat  
A beer? Good. A joint?

Here. (I have plans for you.,  
(Be patient, G., I., and L.K.I.)  
Relax. Talk. I can wait. Talk

Oh? So you had a good day at the gym? I bet. I'd love to see you sometime. What are your gym shorts like? Do they ride on your nice, firm hips? Do they cradle your basket, lift it up softly, to show to the world? I can imagine.

Yes, talk. We can wait. And I see you are looking around—taking a look to see if you can figure out what's going to happen to you.

But you can't. My cohorts—my partners in crime—are away, just now. Put away. In the cupboard. You don't know about them—yet.

Talk, talk—ah! You've caught sight of something! Could it be the rope, casually placed over there, in the corner? I thought you'd notice that.

Why do you keep looking at it? Something on your mind? A nice kid like you?

Well, we'll begin that way. In a while. I bet you think that's going to be it, that's going to be all. You'll learn better, Brian. I'm going to see you squirm. We're going

to make you squirm.

Oh—I know what you mean by letting the 'conversation' lapse. Sitting there, looking at me. And glancing at the ropes. Have you noticed the hook in the ceiling? I'll give you a hint—I'll look that way. Ah! You noticed it!

That's right—look at me. I'll look at you. We know what that silence means. I mean you and me. And I also mean—apart from you and me—Gregor and Igor and Larry K. and me—we know a bit more than you do.

But you think you know. Okay.

Take off your clothes

I'll sit here and admire you. You're such a kid, working out at the gym so hard. So hard—

—Speaking of which, I notice you are getting hard. Already? What is on your mind?

Beautiful, though. We'll make those veins stand out on it. And throb. You can touch it. I'm touching mine. Do you want to play?

Feel together.

Good. Not too tight? Feel good?

Wait

Hands together. Behind you.

Is that okay?

I like it. We'll like it.

Stand tall, Brian. Let me feel that chest. You like titplay. I can tell you do. Oh!—too much for you? No? A bit more? They want a bit more?

My, you're really into them. Okay.

First we'll bind them. I love rope pulled across the pecs. Tight? Good. Looks real good, man

And now for some more. Going to make you a kind of sling, Brian, right on you. So we can package you up neatly, see if you enjoy dangling. But we've got to support you. And then we'll tie you into

your support.

You look good. You look real good, tied up that way. I'll just look at you a moment, standing there, cock at attention

Let's bind that too. And the balls.

Nice leather, isn't it?

Smell it

Like the feel of it on your balls? Rubbing against it? Seems to turn you on.

What a pleasure it is. For me as well as you, binding up your balls—tight. Are they stretching?

Your bail-bag's tight—it's getting shiny. So's your cock. Like it?

It seems you do.

How about your tits? I know you like them—you made that one thing perfectly clear.

Try these.

There! I can tell you like them. Pretty harsh, huh?

Yeah. Yeah.

Okay, Brian. Double over. We'll tie your chest to your knees. Keep still

There. You've gotten yourself into a pretty hopeless situation.

Feeling good?

Down on your butt, Brian.

Look up. No, not just at me. Above you.

You didn't realize the hook was on pulleys? It is. See?

And we can hook it right here. And hoist you up.

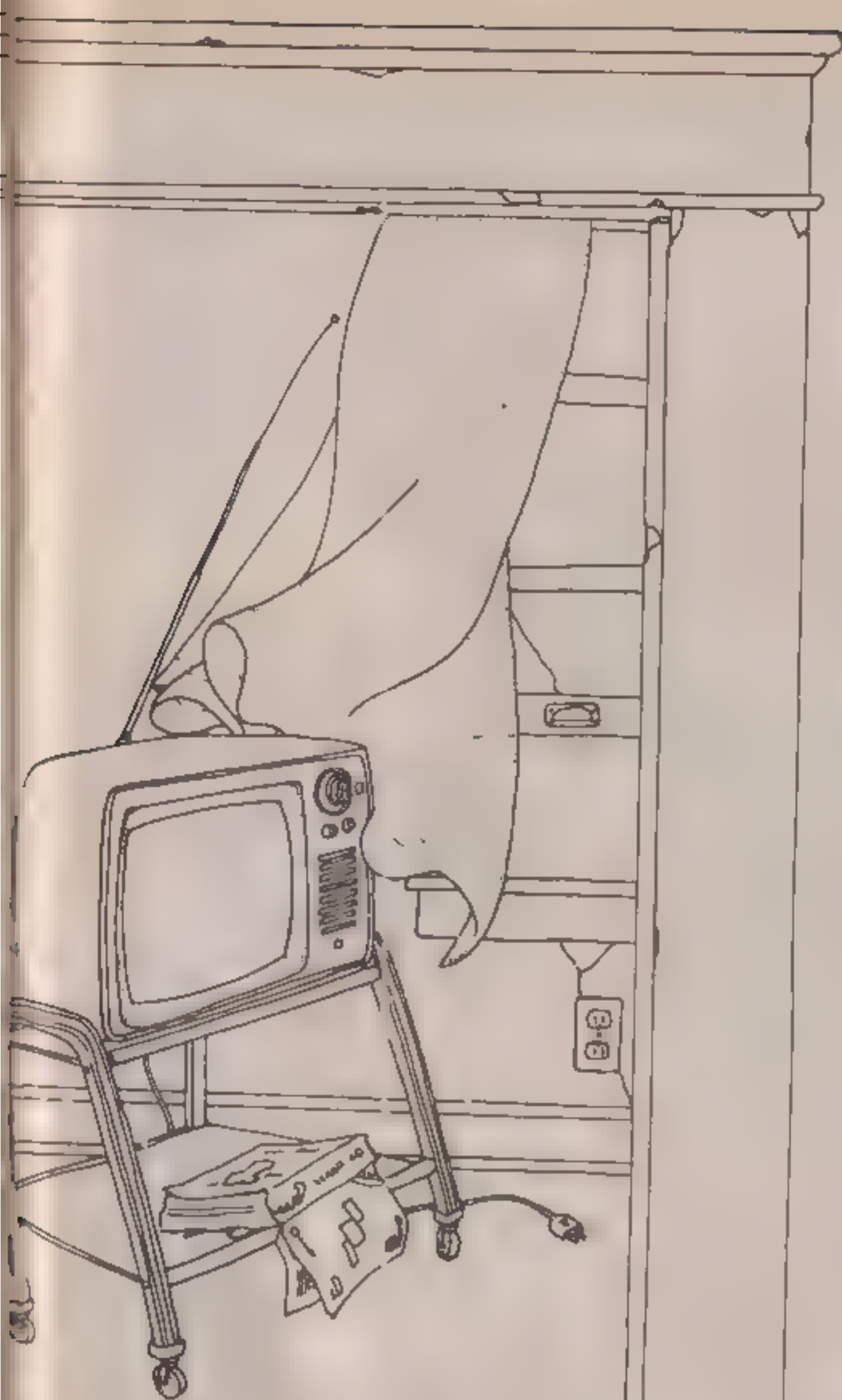
There

What if I told you to stop spinning around? You couldn't. Poppers, Brian? Enjoy it.

There's more. We had more in mind. What's going to happen to you?

But first, while you're dangling there, let's make a neater package of you. So you squirm. So you really squirm. When I go to the cupboard and open it. And you



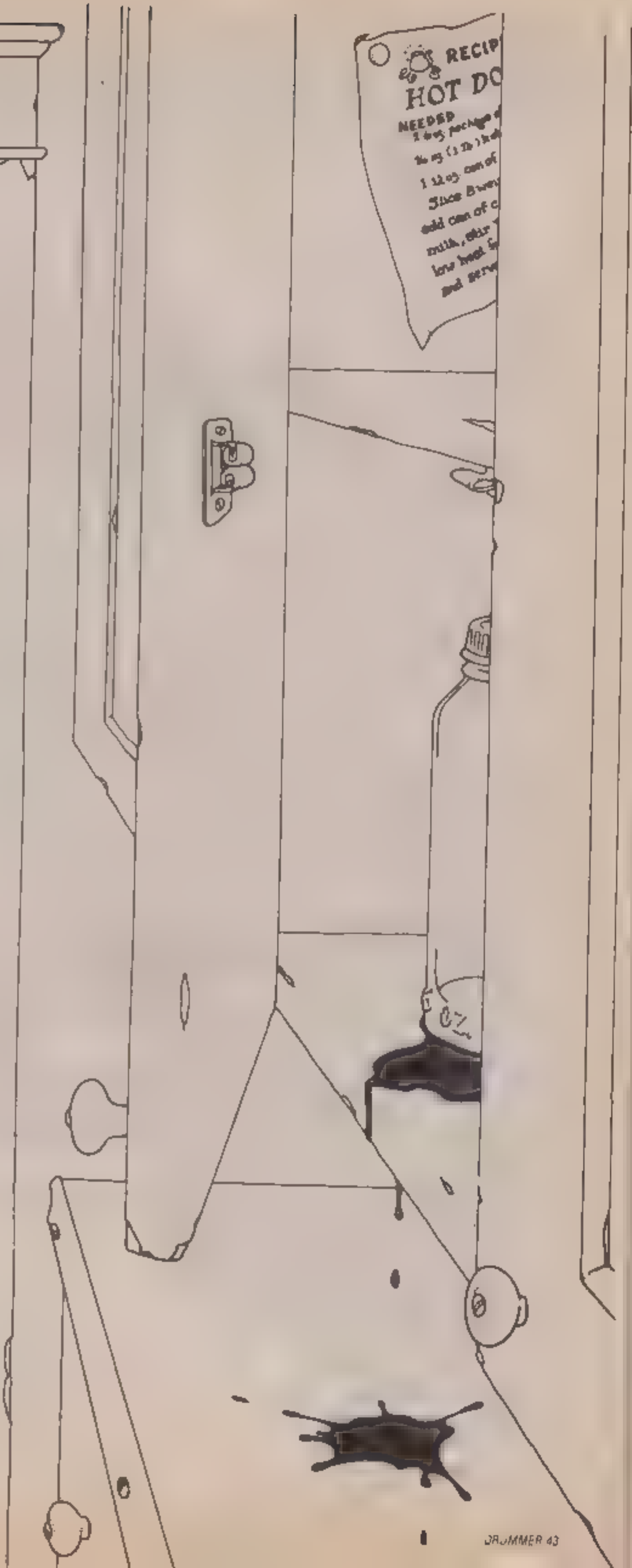


meet my friends. My little friends.  
 Let's get your legs tied in there. I don't  
 like them kicking around like that.  
 Let's get your arms in closer, too  
 A human ball, Brian—that's what you  
 are, dangling there. Enjoying it? Wait  
 But first we'll gag you. I don't want you  
 waking the neighbors—  
 Listen! I wonder, if we keep real still, if  
 we can hear Gregor, Igor and Larry K—?  
 Can you?  
 Scratching around in their jar? Trying to  
 get out?  
 Poppers, Brian?

2:08 a.m., July 12, 1983  
 San Francisco

—Robert Chesley  
 with a nod of thanks  
 to Thomas Disch

Illustration by DIRK DYKSTRA



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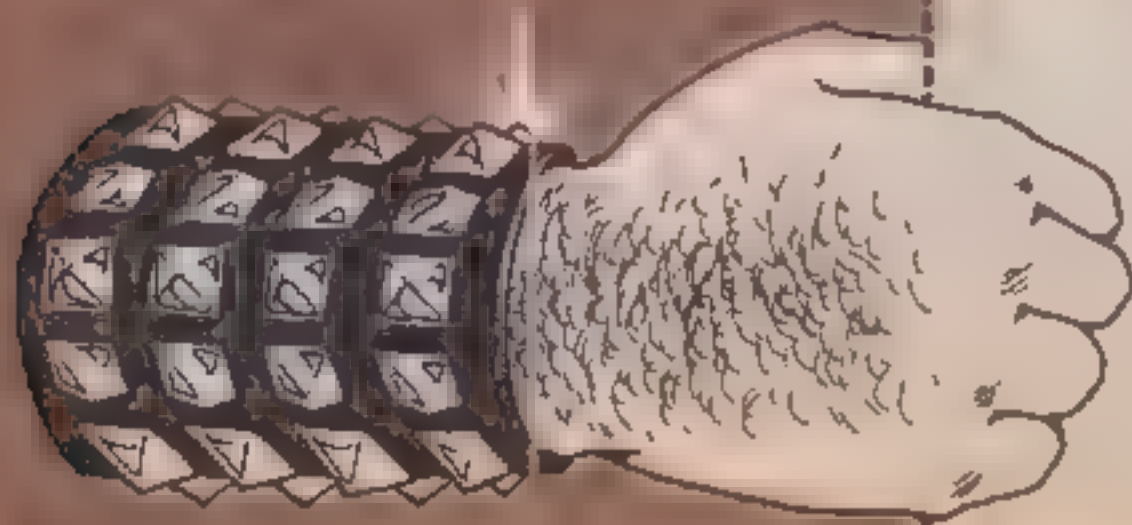
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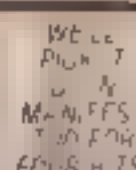
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DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment, For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers

can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

#### COLORADO

##### HOUSEBOY SLAVE SON

Under 30 wanted by older experienced sane leatherman who will help you achieve scholastic, career, health, physical & leather goals. Mike P.O. Box 16876 Denver CO 80218.

##### HOT DADDY AND BOY

Both mature, experienced men into hot threesomes and foursomes. Enjoy bondage, T/T listing, toys, S/M fantasies, and plain old hard core sex. If you live in the area or are planning a visit write Box 3132. Send photo, likes & dislikes and we will return it with our photo. We enjoy creative fantasies and sex. Are you man enough to take on two hot men?

##### YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER \$1 VERIFICATION!

##### DENVER, COLORADO

G.W/M 40's 6' 180 very submissive. Seeks meetings with other males for bondage sessions. Race & age unimportant. I have a desire to please. Will answer all who send picture and phone # Box 3771.

#### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

##### HANDBALL DEVOTEE

170 lbs solid muscle 5'10" 38, dark bearded interChain 226. I am essentially dominant and totally masculine but can be warm, loving, considerate and always sensual. Self-confidence based on intelligence, experience, maturity, and self-acceptance. Am my own man and not captive of any role. Years of residence in Berlin, Paris and Stockholm have given me European flexibility. Besides FF am into all sides of Fr, Gr, tilwork and like both intense one-on-ones and group scenes. Sound interesting? Balls in your court. Box 3712.

##### HOUSEBOY SLAVE WANTED—

To serve two very together active CWM's 30's. Be serious, trim clean, obedient and also like TLC. Reply w/photo & resume to: SRS POB 50266 WASH DC 20004.

#### FLORIDA

##### FT. LAUDERDALE MASCULINE

Imaginative, dominant Master seeks together bottom studs into FF, WS, bondage, S&M C&B/T, piercing, shaving, etc., for 3-way with in-house slave. Can administer heavy discipline, but limits are respected. No permanent damage. Demanding but considerate. Photo and mailing address a must, phone optional. Am 47 165 lbs, 7' cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional, but am a special delight for wide receivers. Box 258.

##### FT. LAUDERDALE

Masculine, stable, good looking top with firm but gentle style seeks subjects for "training." Reasonable limits respected. Applicant will include photo and phone in letter of application. Jake, Box 130051 2260 NW 58th Ave Sunrise FL 33313.

##### WANTED: SLAVE/ LOVER

M wh, un36, some exper thrsx slm or musc, could re-locate, educ, mature 5 Wht 40 educ finan secure, 6'3" BB Handsome completely masc & dom, has Full thir & equip, boots, toys for h to hvy S&M B&O VA, CBT, WS, GrA, FrP Respect him, but we'll expand them. M descr be self & exper, phone recent photos, turn-ons & offs, any limits to

S Answer w/more info & specs, my pics, Plan me your area/ you visit S F a. Mr Sir, Box 11816, Ft. Laud., Fla 33339.

#### YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

##### WET LEVIS ..

2 Hot lovers into wet Levis bedwetting, diapers and plastic pants. Enjoy correspondence, photos, and meeting other hot guys into same. John & John P.O. Box 315, Sarasota, Fla. 33578.

##### GOODLOOKING GWM

6' 155 lbs. in 40's who is stable and secure. Seeks companion that is inventive and fun company. #1058 Winter Park, FL 32790.

##### ORLANDO

J/O artist wants buddy Box 3784.

##### CLEARWATER, 33, 6'2", 175

Bearded, thick uncut 8". Needs bottom who knows how to ask for and EARN my big dick. Details and photo to Sir, Box 3773.

##### TAMPA BAY, 33, 6'2", 160

Seeking a good little cocksucker who knows how to beg for my big uncut dick. If your face and ass need a workout, send detailed letter & photo to Box 3773.

#### GEORGIA

##### MS, WM, 36, 6

into B&O, S&M, C&B, whips, toys, boots, Fr A/P, Gr A/P 69, susp, 501 levis, and ball work. No FF, scat WS drugs damage. Phone a must. Travel Box 3276.

##### HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE

Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, listing, rimming, sucking, dildoes, S&M, W/S, poppers, Levis, leather, boots. Am 27 150 lbs 5'10in with short brown hair, brown eyes.

beard, moustache. No tats, fems, blacks. Brdwell Box 12348, Atlanta, GA 30305 7148.

#### YOUNG SLAVES, SONS

Or young hunky men may apply to a real bodybuilder for versatile action. Obedience, admiration and honesty required. Only responses with a photo will be considered! Box 3076.

#### 500 EXEC TRANS

Att 1 Oct. seeks modest NW Apt /Guest/Carrage House. Refs CGS Box 486 Jacksonville, FL 32201.

#### STUD SLAVE WANTED

Minimum physical requirements, 6 200 lbs. Must know how to satisfy & be ready to perform on demand. Failure will bring the whip & other disciplines, to which s ave w il bow w thout bondage. Applicants may submit a short statement w th photo to Sig H Contes 2223-B Plaster Rd NE Atlanta, GA, U.S.A, 30345.

#### ILLINOIS

##### ENEMA ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot "naughty boys" under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage, humiliation and to accept spankings, diapers, shaving and a, forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And lots of old fashioned soapy enemas that will make you squirm beg dry. First-time s and novice welcome. Limits respected. Send expr, a pic or with photo for prompt reply. Box 3237.

##### GERMAN MASTER

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to tough but caring German (handsome blond, blue hung, uncut) Photos are essential. Novices OK. P.O.B 6262 Chicago, IL 60680.

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Street \_\_\_\_\_  
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I am 21 years of age.



**LONGJOHN GUYS WANTED**  
into underwear/ longjohn scenes incl  
B&D/ HUM Jay 606 W Barry #179 Chi-  
cago IL 60657

**SADISTIC MASTER**  
31, 8' 185, 6'4" seeks slave who knows  
his place, and is looking for ONE mas-  
ter. Serious novice considered. Any  
limits w/ll be EXPANDED! S/R Chicago.  
(312) 261-6085

**CHICAGO, WHITE MALE**  
41 6'2", 190# wants to undergo frater-  
nity type initiation and humiliation.  
Make my week-end a hell week-end for  
me and fun for you. Compensation con-  
sidered if necessary. Box 2630 Chicago  
60628

**W/M SLAVE**  
25, 5'5", 125 lbs, strikingly handsome  
muscular swimmer & build seeks huge,  
muscular master. Am AIDS con-  
scious novice, so explore but respect  
me to my limits. Send NOW letter photo  
(nude if possible) phone to #755 2421  
West Pratt, Chicago, IL 60645. Please  
call (312) 338-4724 9AM or 11 30 PM

**W/M 38 NEEDS TO SERVICE**  
Top 30s-40s. Like to be fed and watered  
frequently. Love leather, levis, beer  
drinkers sweat, all body fluids. Will  
answer a w/ll respect. Photo appre-  
ciated will return. Karl, 836 Wheeler  
St., Woodstock, Ill 60098 — 8 5-  
338-9 37

**INDIANA**  
**MIDWEST ACTION**  
Hunky, Handsome, Kinky, 33, 5'9  
175, w/m wants unhibited hot men  
who enjoy top, bottom or mutual play.  
Can get into nearly anything fantasy  
bondage, humiliation, rimming,  
leather rubber w/s socks boots, out  
door/barnyard plus more—or just  
plain touching, holding sincere sex  
O scrite professional looking for good

times and honest friends, can travel  
Photo if possible, will return. Confiden-  
tial ty assured. Box 128, Des Moines  
Iowa 50301

**KANSAS**  
**COP OR HITLER TYPE**  
Dominant, masculine, wanted for perm  
partnership. W/M 33 135# 5  
Brown/Brown. I'm into ass eating, ball  
licking, cocksucking and getting  
fucked. Your looks not as important as  
attitude. Would like pic. W/ll ans. al-  
ways. MR 520 E Park Apt. 19, Olathe, KAN  
66061

**LOUISIANA**  
**LEATHER/POLICE UNIFORMS**  
New Orleans. WM 35. Leather Police  
Uniforms, boots, B&D, S&M. Seeks  
same. Am turned on by touch, smell  
taste and feel of leather. High black  
boots, Full police uniform and gear. I  
seek a few discreet men into the same.  
Occasionally travel. Box 1579

**OUR ADS GET RESULTS!**  
**SKINNY BLACK MASTER**  
32 seeks slave/dog 18-35 who will  
drink my piss and take my hot cock up  
his boy-cunt. For application send  
photo and info to P.O. Box 122, Terre  
Haute, IN 47808

**MARYLAND**  
**BODYBUILDER SLAVE**  
DC/VA, MD AREA  
GWM 38 5'10", 170, 43" chest 30" waist  
Masculine, well-built lean/muscular.  
Seek simi lar Master. Fr Gr B/D whip-  
ping, whatever your pleasure. Box  
3794

**MASSACHUSETTS**  
**ARROGANT WRITER**  
Strictly top 33 w bald moustache fl ws  
It right bottom man. Box 3799

**SLAVEBOYS**  
Master/daddy seeks smooth slaves,  
guinea pigs for wild times. Master into  
S&M, bondage, w/s, enemas, shaving  
til, cock & ball work, scat, FF, hot  
wax, rubber. Name your fantasies. All  
scenes. Travel US. Other tops also  
reply. W/M 5'6", 130 35 level headed  
Apply with phone to Box 3788

**ASSHOLE EXPLORATION**  
33 yr W/M 6' 170 LB ME. Tight black  
leather chaps, boots. YOU. Hot horny  
asshole into FF, punch fucking, asshole  
stretching. Box 3782

**MICHIGAN**  
**DETROIT AREA**  
Firm MASTER, 5'10", 155 lbs, brown  
hair and eyes, 8" With well-equipped  
dungeon seeks obedient slaves. Willing  
to train submissive novices into S&M  
B&D, and much more. Write Robert  
1030 Adams Road South, Rochester  
Michigan 48063

**MICHIGAN THUMB AREA**  
**PROFESSIONAL**  
Time to talk & time for action. Under-  
standing master contact by letter TOM  
BOX 104 CASS CITY MICH 48726

**EXECUTIVE SPANKING**  
Bearded WM 32 enjoys giving over the  
knee spankings to hot, bare-assed  
white businessmen 25-50. Come to me  
in your 3 piece suits—I'll turn you over  
my knee, take down your pants, spank  
you on your executive boxer shorts or  
corporate jockies, then pull them down  
and spank your ass till you beg me to  
stop. No heavy S&M. Just hand, hair  
brush, or ruler spankings. I also enjoy  
being top in other spanking fantasies.  
Teacher—Student, Father—Son, etc.  
Send descriptive letter. Photo/phone  
appreciated. Marrieds welcome. Dis-  
cretion and a hot ass assured. South-  
field area. Box 3766

**MINNESOTA**  
**MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**  
TWIN CITY MASTER, 39, white, seeks  
permanent slave/houseboy who needs  
to be owned. Prefer young (however a  
considered), trim or muscular, clean,  
obedient, submissive and ready for  
slavery in mind. Novice okay. Will  
train. If you know you were meant to be  
a slave, write submissive, groaning  
letter now and don't forget to include a  
photo. Box 3251

**WANTED: WMBC**  
White male butch ghost to haunt victo-  
rian mansion in Duluth, MN. into whips  
chains and groaning. Also victorian  
sports, no chickens, feds or feds apply.  
Send holograph references and list of  
talents to R. Jansen 1215 E 2nd St.  
Duluth MN 55805

**MISSOURI**  
33, 6'2", 165 seeks topman for B D VA.  
Lucking, W S and 77 Am anxious to  
learn and explore my mits. Box 3779

**MISSOURI**  
**MILITARY TRAINING**  
3 Military Drill instructors w/ll adminis-  
ter discipline, physical training, cel-  
l confinement, & prolonged immobile  
restraint in a realistic military atmos-  
phere for weekend or week long ses-  
sions. Safe, sane, discreet and  
monitored confinement for Boot Camp,  
Stockade, or POW training. Mummifi-  
cation sensory deprivation, controlled  
breathing situations also available.  
Individual or buddy system entry. No  
FF. Scat. Drugs. Fee required. Refer-  
ences available. Address Serious inq-  
ries to Training Center information P.O.  
Box 672 Bridgeton, MO 63044. All rep-  
lies answered. (314) 867 7233

**ST. LOUIS—**  
W M—27 250 6'2" Bearded/Hairy  
New to scene. Looking for same to

**THE BARRACKS**  
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Toronto, Canada  
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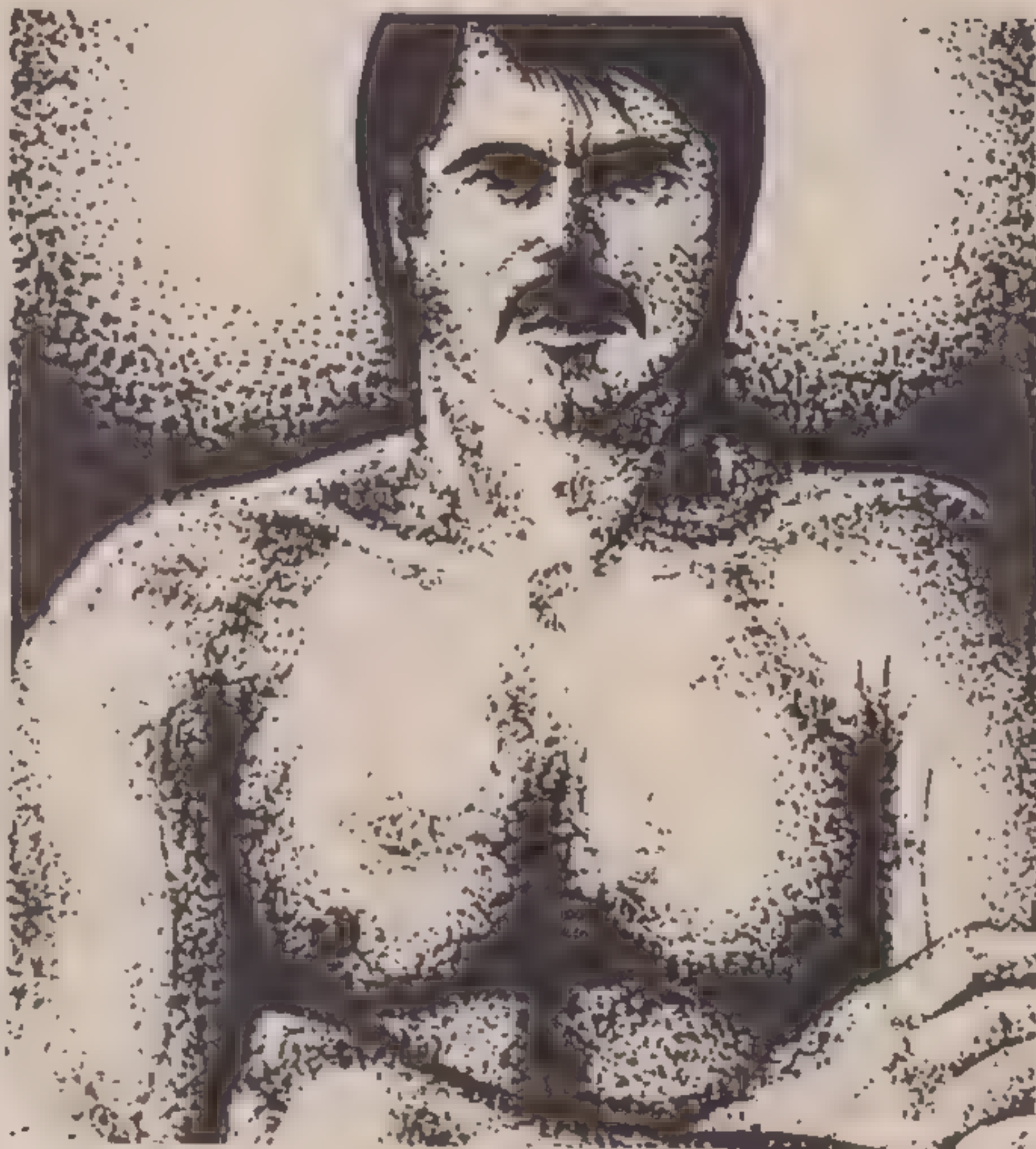
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DALLAS TEXAS 75219 214-528-1527





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The Hottest Studs in the west are waiting to ride with you into sheer and total ecstasy. Cum on and call our stable now!

**(213) 467-4142**

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**24 hrs.**

**2 Calls \$40**

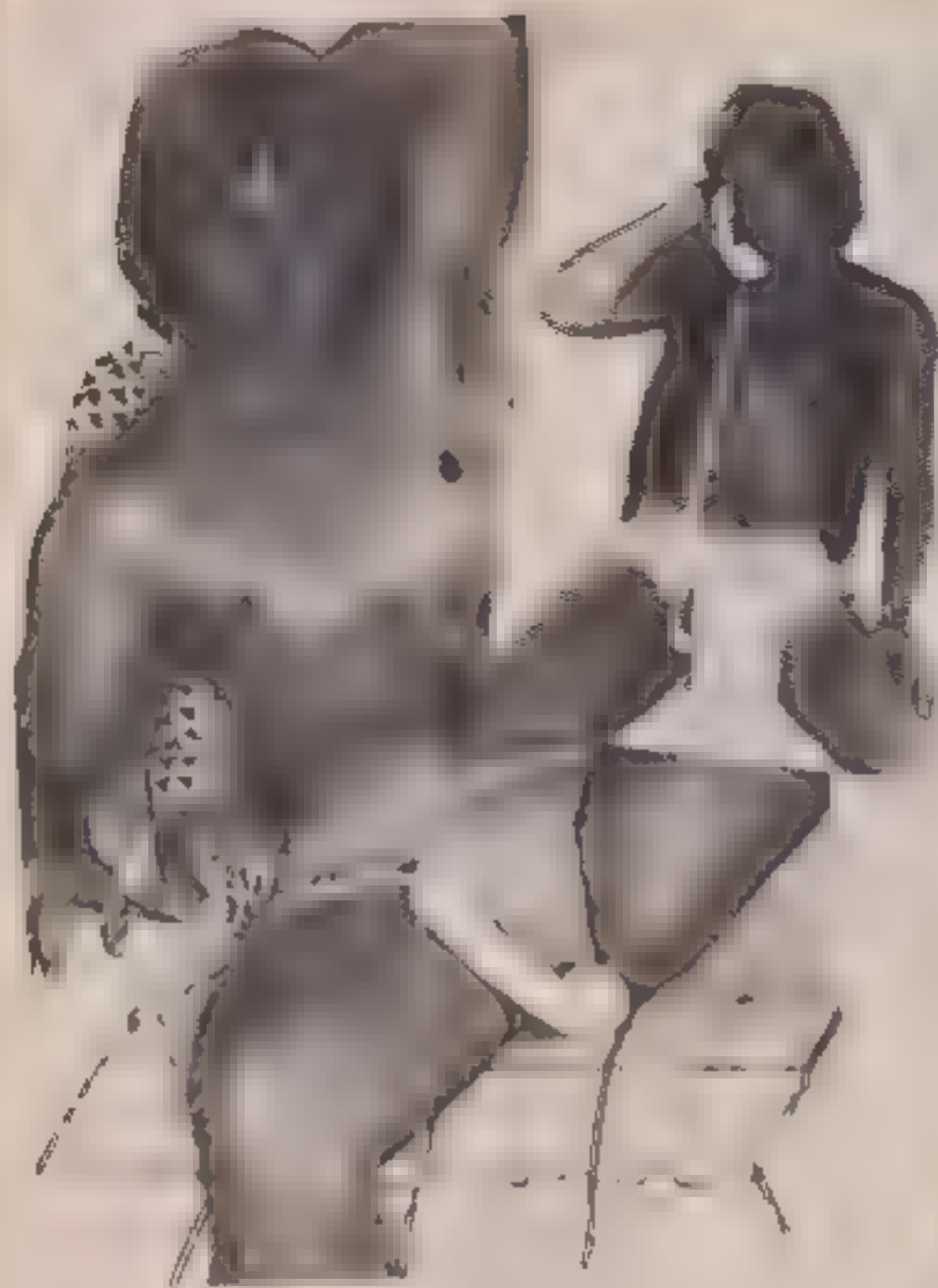
**Discreet Calls**

**All Major Credit Cards**

**Fantasy Club Membership Available**

**The BEST is not always expensive**





# DUDE PHONE

For the best sex in the west!

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show me all gay fun from kissing to leather, for friendship and possible one-on-one relationship Beard and body hair a real turn-on Letters with photo/phone answered quickly. Box 3761

## NEW JERSEY

### FANTASY FUN

Your fantasy of being tied to a three trunk tree in a secluded patio can come true (201) 359-3814 No calls after 11pm

### DESPERATE DAD—

Lost everything in recent move to East Would welcome explicated letters and photos. Really horny for your juicy company to help me relocate No trade or sell, just collector minus one major collection. This 40 year old needs contacts in NYC or Philly—can these studs take it like ny boys in LA—prayer! Box 3800

### NJ OR NY

Gay dominant W/Male 57 years old wants a mature slave over 35 for S/M T/T watersports, whipping with hand, belt Photo & phone Box 3783

## NEW YORK

### TOTAL SLAVES WANTED

Greenwich Village Experienced S. W/m, 48 5'8", 175 lbs uncut shaved head, strong Leather Master seeks slaves (novice to well-trained) for long, hot sessions Must have endurance crave punishment in chains Medium to heavy S/M B/D, etc No scat My motto sane S/M, intense not brutal erotic not reckless, firm but affectionate If your head is right, write appropriate letter now No fems feds, fakes Box 185R

### MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE

Very handsome Leo BB, 26 6'6" 205# blond, smooth Big hungry butt, throat for long, exploring sessions FF leather titwork, piss, toys S&M many things if approached with right attitude You: hot, experienced, together Hairy muscles a special turnon Train me, guide me, lead me to new levels through trust & respect not violence or humiliation. Include photo/phone Your page Box 3338

### NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM

W/m, 57", 135 lbs, brown hair brown eyes, moustache hairy Hot ass wants to be bound & fucked. Also into B/D W/S, shaving, spanking, light S/M enemas, polaroids, toys Seeks patient & understanding topman to teach and help me expand my limits Must be 25-40, good body attractive. Photo & phone appreciated Box 3373

### (212) 672-1010

### TOP/INSATIABLE

### JKS N MTS, QNS

W/m, 6'10"/bro/bro, You now know all you need to know about this insatiable top, who's always looking for true bottoms, short of talk but long on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal & physical abuse Having worn both the green of the army, as well as the blue of the navy, will obviously give preference to former members of the military and/or married studs, who realize it is their preordained destiny in life to receive cock as oppose to giving it Box 3381

### W/M 35 145 LBS

With little experience seeks Master to train body and mind for his pleasure and enjoyment Will consider permanent slavery Prefer tall no nonsense Master to help reach fulfillment as obedient slave Box 3432

### MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect W/M, 26, 5'4", 135 dk hr, brd, hry, musc, new

to NYC, inexp but anth, sks WM 40+ top/master brd, hry, (pref) musc for reg lng sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it Box 3344

### MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN

Let's have leather sex on and off our bikes. Slaves invited if you can take B&D, C&BT, TT SM, WS, etc Novice will be trained Men from areas of NY, CT, NJ, MASS. Write me with details and photo Box 3035

### SPITTOON BOOTWIFE URINAL

Drooping deviate dog grooves for beer drink n', cigar-smokin', ass-kickin' straight men ex-con toilet slurps cop-snot, trucker-feet, biker-butt for public humiliation retarded dude is Daddy's queer-boy forever Am real tough, real dirty, real hung short lean blond w/stash F lthy letter w/pix gets same. Sir! First ad NYC Metro Box 3535

### MID-HUDSON VALLEY

Masculine, bearded, master 33, 5' 160 lbs, with hot dungeon and thick cock w/ restraint you and explore your limits If you're hot, trim, and under 35 Reply with Photo and Phone# J Miller, 156 Wal St Kingston, NY 12401

### NEW YORK CITY

I am 33, 5'7" 140 lbs, brown hair and brown eyes, submissive bottom man into most scenes except heavy pain, scat and F/F Seek top man, 30-40. Box 3373

### CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

(Zeus publ bondage— coercion scenes) Seek athletic/ masc/ musc B & B into elaborate verbal rough man-to-man B&D, leading to your cock/ balls/ tits/ ass being chained, whipped, camped, stretched oiled, waxed, used any way your master/ captor sees fit forcing you to admit what you really are/ want/ beg for Mirrors, rack filthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercules/ Tarzan by strong, demanding, imaginative gradator/ sex master Photo, phone, address, detailed description of what you're man enough for required Apply now for night of your life No hustlers/ fakes/ fems. Box 3565

### HOT PIES SLAVE

W/M, 32 5'8" 160 lbs, musc ar, seeks uncut piss master Also bondage Novice to S/M: no heavy pain, must respect limits Hungry ass into toys No SCAT, heavy SM Reply with photo (required) + description of your fantasies Box 3564

### CLASSEY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be slyish. Assume Correctional Custody of an intelligent, attractive, adult Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who I stand at attention when not confined and securely restrained. Strict discipline and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction Sir Tie me, try me Appointments open for preliminary interrogation plus imposition of nonjudicial punishment (Article 15 LCMJ) at Office Hours Box 3092

### OUTDOOR ORGYS

Leather, levis, lds, recycled beer B&D S&M Older Daddies OK Mid-Hudson Valley Western Connecticut/ Massachusetts Write Cedar Knol, RD #2, Box 414 Rhinebeck, NY 12572

### RUBBER SLAVE SEEKS RUBBER MASTER

Longterm Bondage head to toe rubber inflation, hoods, suspension, assplay enemas, FF, your way clean or dirty, am 26 6' Blind, Blu, Boyish, Lean, Full Rubber/Latex only Box 3776

### MEDICAL/SLAVE

Send your personal history include both fantasies and what you truly



want. Reply only if you are a true bottom. To P.O. BOX 148, N.Y.C. 10016

#### **PUPPY SEEKS BULLDOG**

Butch Ital 5'9 165 32 seeks dom bear belined bruts who enjoy dominating a dog collared slave. If you're between 5'7" to 5'10" 180 to 250 write with photo to P.O. BOX 3058 Church St. P.O. NY NY 10008. Photo rind with mine

#### **53 YEARS YOUNG**

Hard cock, receptive nipples. Looking for same. Lite S&M B&D, spreadeagle. Box 3768

#### **NYC MASTER AND SLAVE**

We're both in our 30's, over 8' blonde muscular and attractive. Aspirant slaves who are under 35, muscular and attractive are invited to submit a request for consideration as a slave trainee. Successful applicant will be taught obedience, obeisance and endurance. Send photo (required) with resume. Box 673

#### **RAUNCHMAN PIG SLAVE**

33 5'11", 160 lbs of total filth. Box 3769

#### **MATURE 49**

Seek humpy truck driver, constr worker, leather Levi S-M FF send photo & phone to Box 3762

#### **S/M ART GALLERY**

Experienced art dealer is considering possibility of opening a Leather-S/M Macho-Fetish art gallery. Interested painters, sculptors, photographers, models etc submit photos of work suggestions, and feedback to Box 3772

#### **MASTER/TOP/DADDY**

Wants slave, bottom, daddy's boy for occasional meetings. Top does all. Bottom must be real. Write detailing a. to P.O. BOX 148 N.Y.C. 10016

#### **NORTH CAROLINA**

##### **MASTER SEEKS SLAVE**

There are many men who want to be a slave, but cannot find the guts to do so. Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you were serious but afraid. ALL of you STILL seek a master! And I still seek a slave for obedience, total commitment, punishment when needed, and love (when earned). I am DEADLY SERIOUS. And so are YOU! Now DO something about it! Call Randy (704) 324-1465 or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S.E. Box 24 Hickory, NC 28601

##### **COUNTRY BOY**

29 6'1" 185 lbs. Blonde/Blue, tattoos. Marine looking into leather and hot sex. Seeks 18 to 35 masculine looking men, uncut preferred not a must. Send photo for response P.O. Box 338 Pine Level, NC 27568

##### **FULL BODY**

##### **EXPERIENCE PROVIDED**

Leather and rubber bondage, electrical and cock torture, til work. Ultimate pleasure part share with together bottom. Chair sling cement floor. Will switch positions with good top man. Into mutual bondage experiences. P.O. Box 2912, Asheville, NC 28802

##### **41 YR OLD MAN**

Seeks occasional encounters with mature (35+ over) versitue (Top and Bottom). Leather/Biker in Charlotte N.E. area. Write Boxholder P.O. 37248 Cht., NC 28237

##### **SLAVE NEEDS TRAINING**

W/M needed for undisciplined slave who responds well to strap, enemas and other punishments - short or long term. Box 3778

##### **RECRUIT**

Needs well hung 8' Master. Has beard, moustache. 6'5" 240 lbs. Master between 20-45 uncut or cut in to fucking and sucking. Likes poppers, 1 gh-

asses, likes hairy bodies. Love to have a uncut sausage and thick to suck and get fucked. Photos appreciated. Box 3798

##### **LEATHER**

2 Hot young Leathermen, want to make it with another Hot Leatherman. Let's get together for some hot 3-way LEATHER SEX. Photo in LEATHER gets OLDS. Write P.O. Box 5805, Norman, OK 73070

##### **MAN WITH HOT MOUTH**

Wants to hear from gay and bi-sex males for sex. 21 to 50. Call (215) 831-1594 AFTER 6 p.m. James

#### **NORTH DAKOTA**

##### **RANCH/RODEO COWBOY**

24. W/M Cowboy, 150, 5'9", needs another Cowboy for leather action. Brn Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps, boots, spurs, gloves, levis, hats & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile, ready for any action with another Cowboy only. Cowboys reply to C.R. Box 87 Mandan North Dakota 58554

#### **OHIO**

##### **CINCINNATI**

##### **LEATHERMAN/MOTORCYCLIST**

41, likes the hot smell of a man. Hairy bodies, raunchy arm pits, smelly ass. Let's rim suck, piss kiss and fuck till it all tastes and smells the same. Your photo gets mine. P.O. Box 41326 Cincinnati, Ohio 45241

##### **IN SEARCH OF**

##### **OLDER MEN?**

LOOK RIGHT HERE!

#### **OKLAHOMA**

##### **OK CITY DADDY**

45, 170 lbs., 5'10" muscular wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes. SM B&D, WS, shaving, and all other scenes considered. You name it, you get it. Phone/ photo to Box 2099

##### **RODEO COWBOY**

W 5'10", 150 lbs., 25 yo, goodlooking good body seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight fitting 501 levis, big silver buckles, leather chaps, and hot spurred cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather, jeans, and boots. Need my tight buging crotch took care of. Photos in riggen will get mine. Box 3115

##### **WANTED SLAVE**

Tulsa Leathermaster wants sl m slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760 Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jackoff

#### **OREGON**

##### **BIG MAN**

Top, 40. Good looking, hairy, bearded, 6'1", 225 lbs, muscular will work your ass, cock, balls, nipples & entire body & mind into B&D, TT, W.S. FF. Recent photo with reply to: Pete, P.O. Box 42476, Portland, Oregon 97242

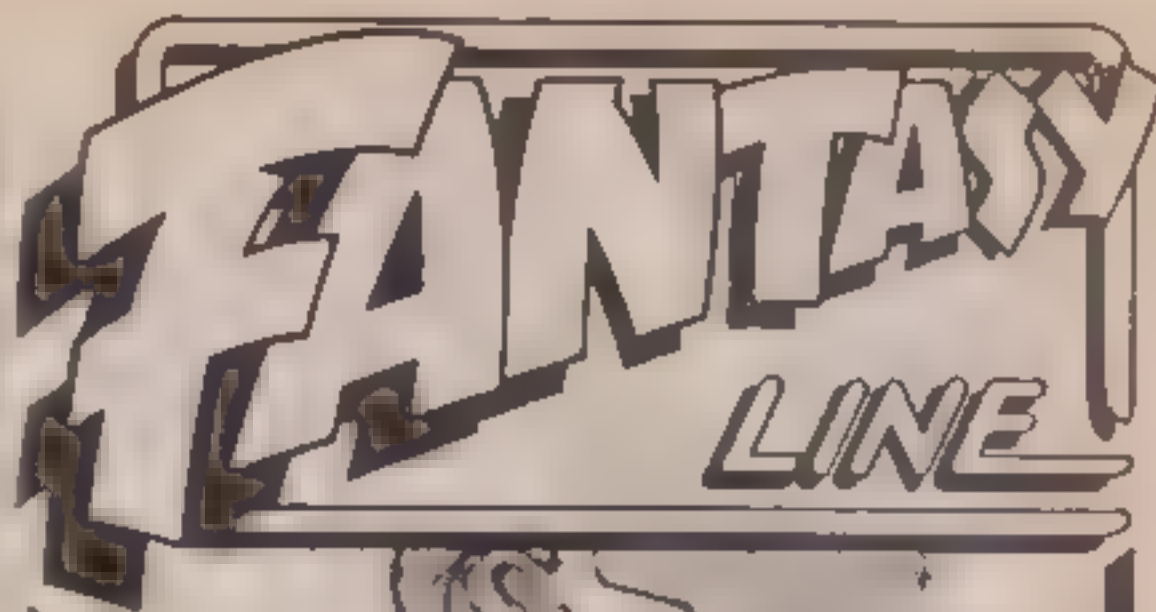
#### **PENNSYLVANIA**

##### **REAL MASTER**

Needed for heavy bondage, total control, Weekend Confinement, and Discipline. Slave is 35, untamed, able to travel to master's location. Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091, Philadelphia, PA 19103

##### **HOT TOUGH YOUNG M**

6'2", 170 lbs., 27 yrs, 8'6", very athletic needs to be trained by demanding hard master into domination and ass fucking, ass play-toys, B&D, light S&M huge cocks- very deep throat. Expand my limits as you see fit—Sir J.B. 100 Denniston St. Apt #12 Pittsburgh, PA 15206



**Call Me**

**I want to  
fill you up  
with my desires  
or share yours,  
anytime, from  
anywhere . . . . .  
we'll cum together.**

**415-563-0167**

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LEAN, INTENSE, SENSUAL

## OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

## DALLAS THIRSTY AND HOT

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

## TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER

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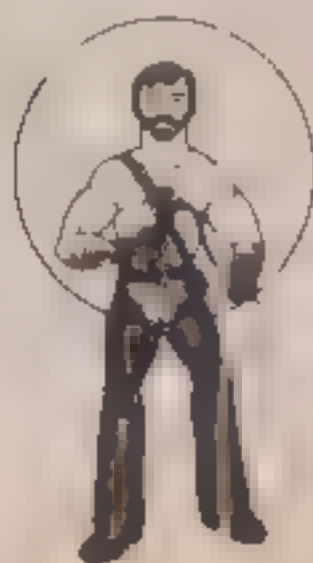


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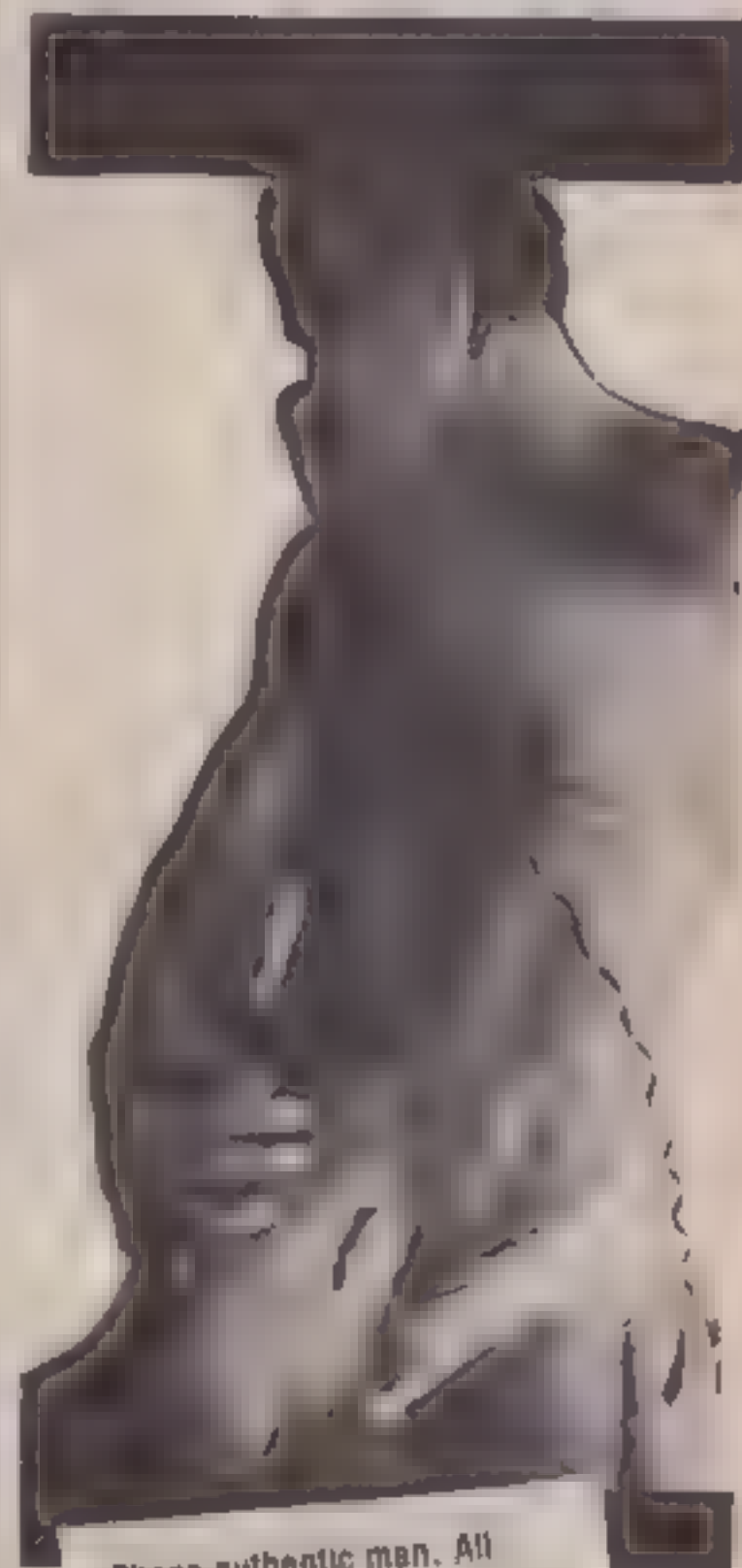
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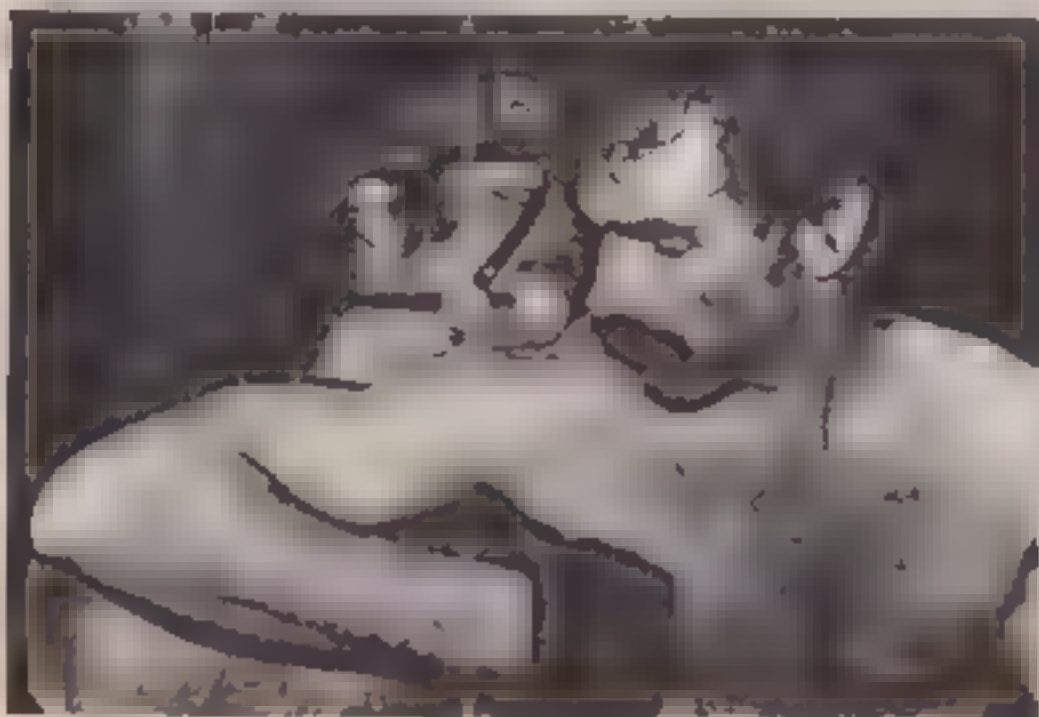
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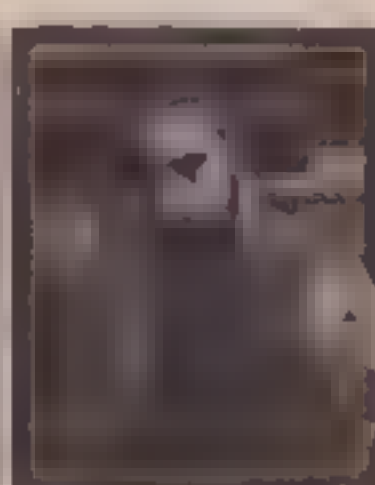
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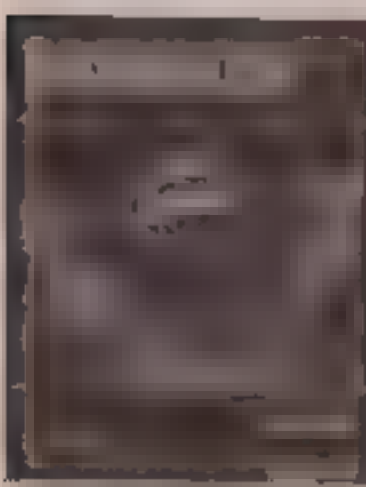
ISSUE 22



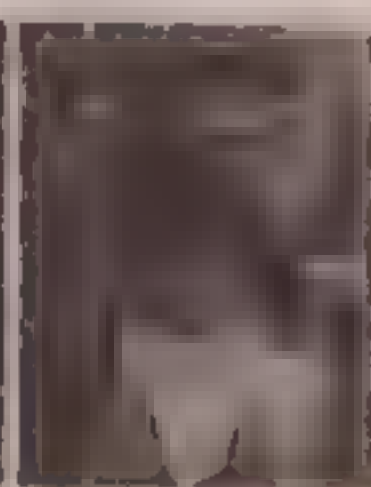
ISSUE 23



ISSUE 24



ISSUE 25



ISSUE 26



ISSUE 27



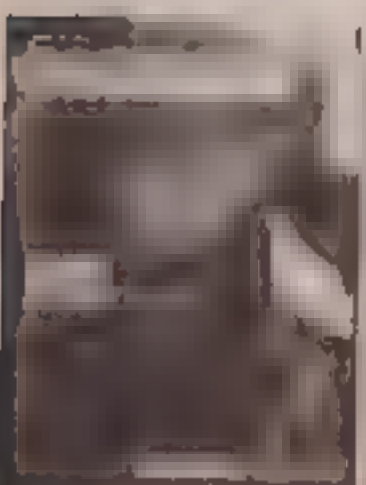
ISSUE 28



ISSUE 29



ISSUE 30



ISSUE 31



ISSUE 32



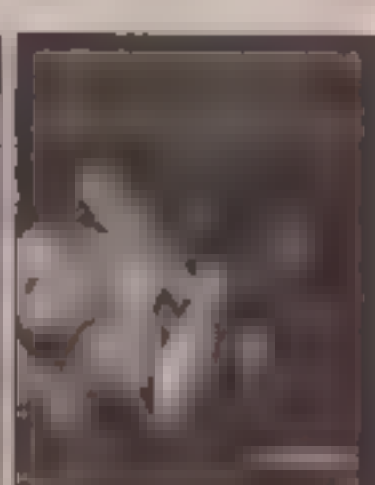
ISSUE 33



ISSUE 34



ISSUE 35



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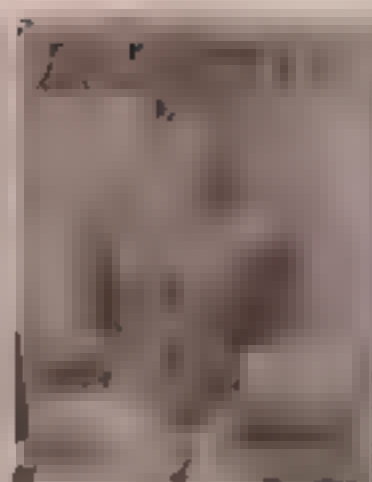




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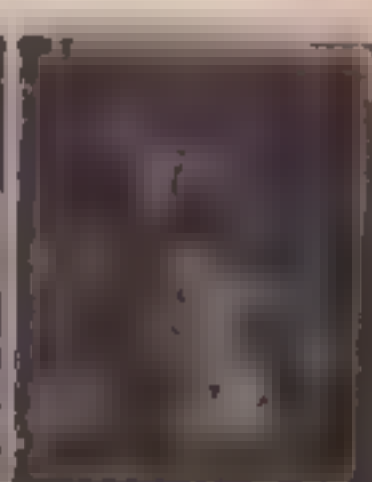
ISSUE 39



ISSUE 40



ISSUE 41



ISSUE 42



ISSUE 43



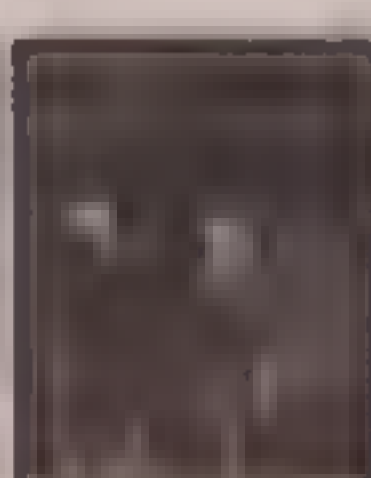
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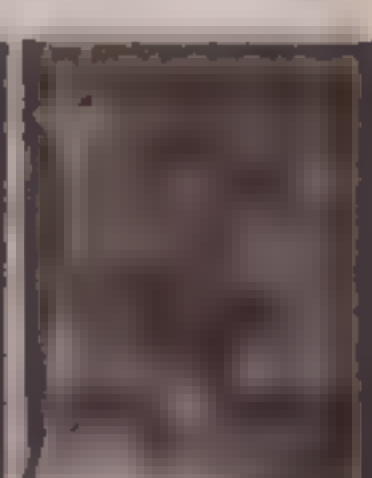
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ISSUE 46



ISSUE 47



ISSUE 48



ISSUE 50



ISSUE 51



ISSUE 52



ISSUE 53



ISSUE 54



ISSUE 55



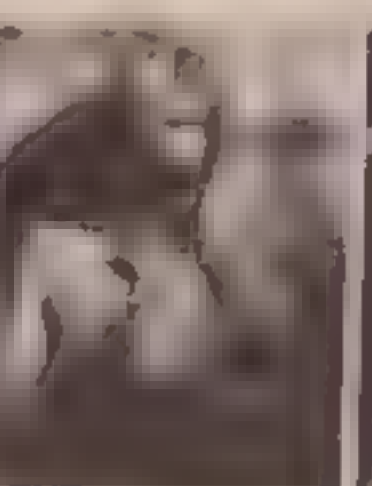
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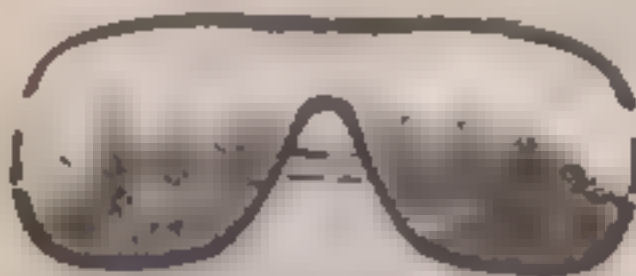
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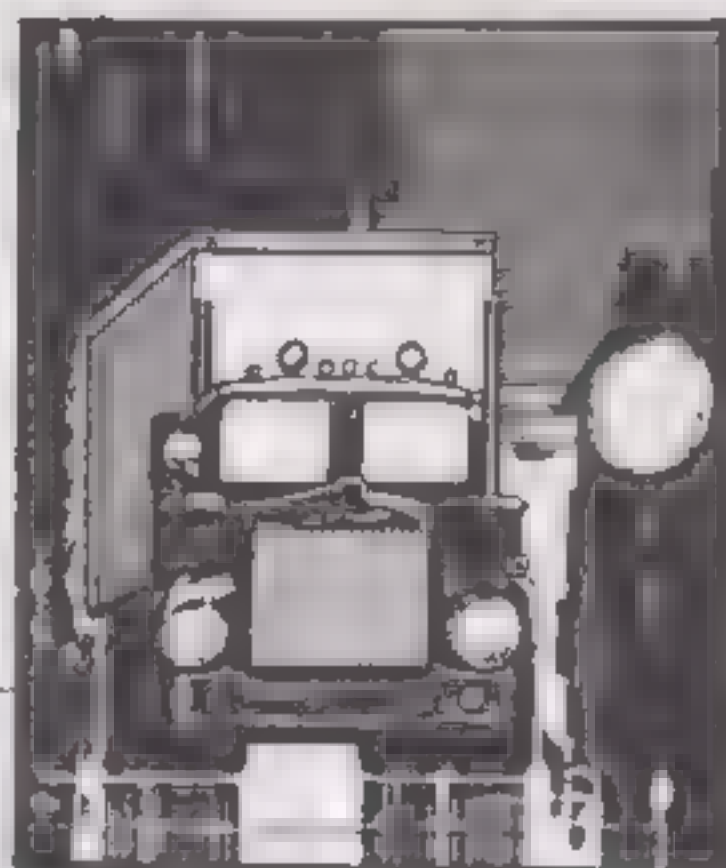
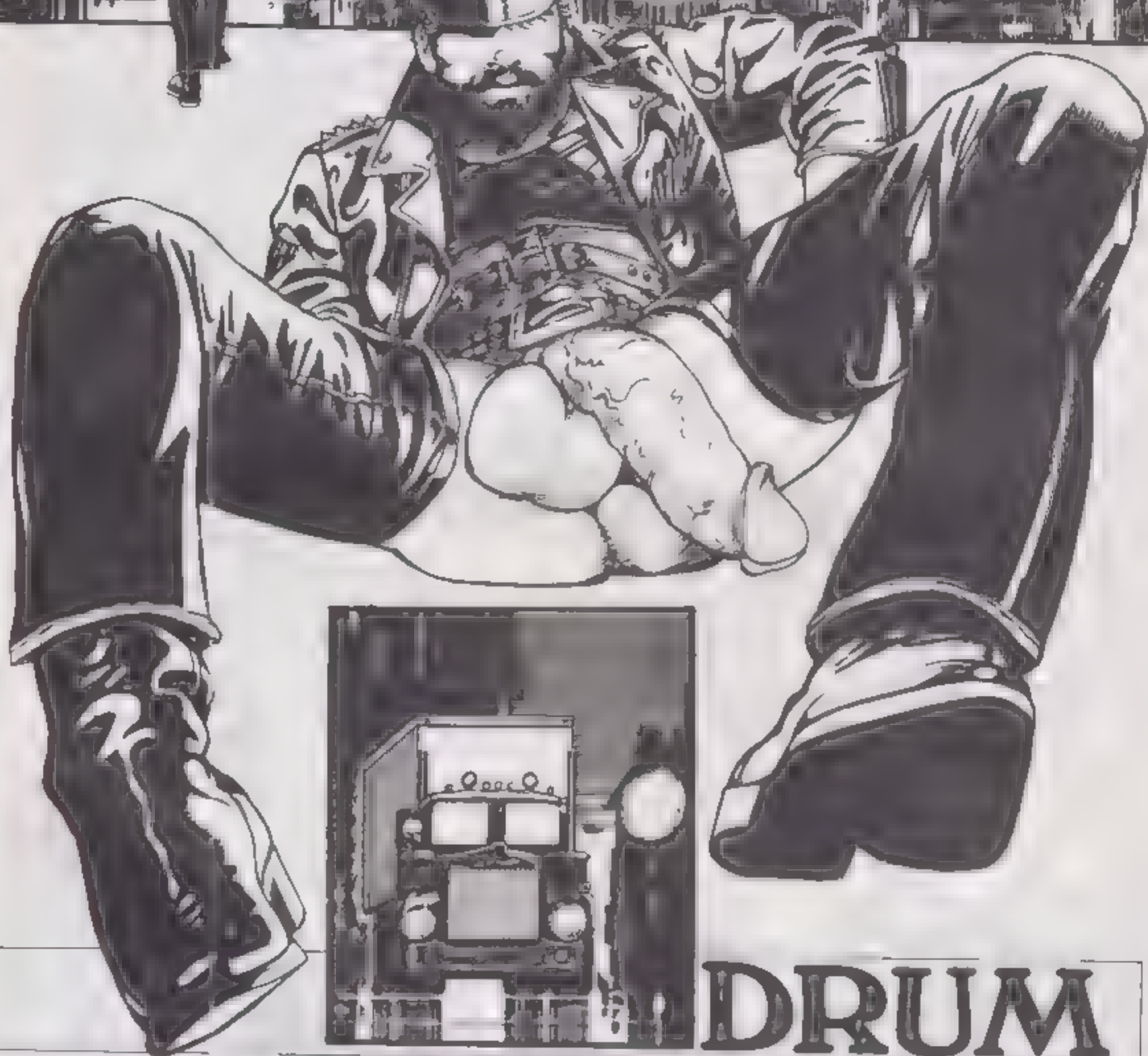
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LEATHER SCENE

## GOLDEN FLEECE XII

This year's twelfth Golden Fleece Run turned out to be the biggest and best ever. When the Rockymountaineers Motorcycle Club of Colorado puts on this annual affair high in the Rockies, you can expect everything: hot bikers, hot leathermen, great food, non-stop parties, crisp mountain air, glorious scenery, and a rousing good time. Your RMMC hosts always bust their butts, be they round, flat hairy or smooth, to make sure you get all you can eat, drink, ride or stagger through all of the above.

There actually is a Golden Fleece. It's a piece of dyed sheepskin which I'm sure was originally a golden hue but the luster has mellowed into a shade reminiscent of fine antique jewelry. Each year the Fleece is hidden near the run site by whoever found the fabled pelt at the previous GFR. The finder of the Fleece is rewarded with the official title of *Jason* and a free ticket to the next GFR. Perhaps the old gods still delight in occasionally bending the course of human affairs, because this year the Golden Fleece was discovered by the president of the Sons of Apollo Motorcycle Club of Phoenix, Arizona.

If Apollo did join this year's GFR, he

showed up with all the other registrants on the Thursday night before the Fourth of July weekend at the Triangle Bar in Denver. I didn't see anyone in a black leather chiton mingling with the crowd as I checked in and received my run packet, but in that heavy blend of leather and Levis, who knows?

The run packets contained a pamphlet listing the schedule of events, plus diagrammed explanations of the various bike and people events: peck ball, teeter-totter, flag day, ring-a-dog, and right on the town. I also got a run button with my name and run number on it, Richard 34, a very important item, because I couldn't get through the chow line without it! It was a very handy item, too, because with numbers on everybody, it was easy to distinguish among all the Bills, Bobs, Toms etc., as they all became 22, 28, 11, 66, 58 and so on. I shall forever remember 57 bent over that table, 70 backing out of 95's tent in the pre-dawn, or listening one night to 66 and 67 carrying on with 27 so wild and heavy their tent bulged like a hot air balloon from sheer body heat.

Friday everyone gathered at the campsite in Pike National Forest about 60 miles







southwest of Denver and two miles high. The day was spent setting up tents ("jeezus, this thing's more complicated than all those toys around your bed!"), greeting old friends, and making new ones. That night the Rockymountaineers hosted the first of the many, many parties in store for us.

Afterwards came the impressive opening ceremonies. At precisely 10 p.m. gleaming motorcycles rumbled into the campfire area before the stage with American, Canadian, and Colorado flags. Then the national anthems of the two countries rang out into the starry mountain night, their stirring refrains delivered by 150 gay voices, a little weak on "Oh Canada" but lots of heart.

The GFR Chairman, Chuck M., introduced all the Rockymountaineers, announced the bike, leather, and social clubs in attendance this year, and metaphorically cut the ribbon officially opening the 1983 Golden Fleece Run. After that, the people who weren't ready to take to sleeping bags (theirs or others') gathered about the campfire, which held the cool night air at bay. As number 35 and I retired to our camper, we could see that campfire get-togethers have come a long way from our church camp and Boy Scout days. No more singsong shit, although wienies still got roasted.

Saturday began a little slowly as those of us who, God knows why, were already up at 7 a.m., muttered around in our greasy wrappers, clutching 'eye opener' cocktails or coffee. Some, like me, clutched one of each. By the time the rider/navigator teams left on the Enduro Run at 9 a.m., the whole camp was up and about. At 10 o'clock the infamous scavenger hunt began. Individuals and teams scoured the area for douche bags, latex gloves, hairiest asses, shaved crotches, used rubbers, hardest cocks, longest cocks, heaviest dildoes, and fifteen other objets d'art on the official list. At 11:30 the plunderers presented whatever they'd been able to scrounge for the judges' cove (except for the used rubbers and one dildo) consideration. The scavenger hunt was a very popular event as the 'hardest' cock (60 seconds to get it up), 'longest' cock (60 seconds to get it out), and a variety of hairy asses and shaved crotches were displayed on top of the judges' table. While I admired one hairy ass in particular, I was positively intrigued by the heaviest dildo in the bunch. As I remarked to a guy next to me, "A truly remarkable asshole is attending this run."

Saturday afternoon saw the running of the bike events and the people events. While people entrants were losing their marbles and getting into strange bags, hardcore bikers were engaged in more manly contests, trying to ride over a teeter-totter and snatch tennis balls from pylons to toss into peck baskets. Buddy riders found themselves out for a 'night on the town,' racing the clock to put on a





tacky evening gown, wig and hat, fill a giant champagne goblet and trundle back to the finish line, where the liquid was measured. I think the winner rode side-saddle. And I didn't get to photograph this event, because I had to participate in it ("Why me, Lord?"), and I'm glad there are no pictures!

The 4.30 party hosted that afternoon by The Toolbox of Denver contained two special treats: Mr. Leather Colorado '83 tending bar in the same body and leather which won him the title, and a Master/slave auction. All one needed for the latter was a fistful of 'fuck bucks,' which one acquired whenever going through the chow line or getting a drink in a cocktail party. They could also be purchased outright at a dollar for two thousand (the proceeds going towards the RMMC's land fund to purchase their own site), but as the entry form stated, "...raising money is not really a goal of this auction, having fantasies is." And believe me, there were fantasy trips galore.

One by one, a six-foot-five leather Master brought the slaves forward for the bidders' inspection, bending them over, spreading their cheeks, peeling them down to the bare facts. There were even a few matched sets, Master/slave and slave/slave. A purchaser got the use of his property for three hours (at least) beginning right after the auction, which certainly livened up dinnertime as one slave ended up across his Master's table as dessert. The sung located up the hill got a lot of use that night too.

Sunday saw the completion of all the bike and people events. This last evening of GFR-XII was reserved for the grand finale events: a cocktail party, dinner, show, and awards ceremony. At 5 o'clock, the Motorcyclers of New Mexico hosted their Second Anniversary party, complete with banners, balloons, mariachi music, and a pinata sort of shaped like a giant M&M candy. This lively fiesta got everybody into a real gooi mood for the steak dinner which followed immediately, and that in turn primed us for the show put on by the Rockymountaineers. Sunday evening is traditionally 'full dress,' by the way, and everyone wears leather, uniforms, or whatever suits the fancy. The Rockymountaineers were positively resplendent in their full black leather club uniform.

The awards ceremony revealed the winners of all the bike and people contests, which had entertained us for two days. First place winners received engraved gold pins, and second and third place winners were presented with framed certificates. At the end everyone stood and joined hands for something which is rapidly becoming a tradition among motorcycle clubs, the singing of "The Way Old Friends Do" at the close of the run. It was a powerfully emotional moment, a beautiful end to Golden Fleece Run XII.





# LEATHER SCENE

## BALTIC BATTLE

The big motorcycle/leather gathering each year in Scandinavia, sponsored by SLM Stockholm, is the Baltic Battle, usually a five-day gathering of leathersmen from Western Europe that includes a variety of activities. The 1983 Baltic Battle took place in Stockholm (it varies) for four days in May (it's in May every year) with seven scheduled events and a rash of impromptu ones. Big participation from the ECMC (European Council of Motorcycle Clubs) added to this year's events, and members and guests from all over the world attended.

Baltic Battle started with a gathering, Come Together, at the SLM's private clubhouse on Gasgrand in Stockholm's Old Town, which took care of the first night.

Three separate events filled Saturday: non-Swedes were taken on a tour of Stockholm, a private party called The Hot Battle was staged at the Viking Sauna, and the nighttime big event, The Main Battle, included a 'toy' market at a Stockholm disco.

Sunday's Sea Battle was literally at sea, aboard a boat in Lake Malaren that docked at a private island for the land portion of the activities. Cease Fire was the same night, again at the SLM Clubhouse, where a sort of 'show and tell-or-not' was the main order of business.

The last day, Monday, saw The Victory, a lunch hosted by SLM before members and guests went back to wherever they had come from. Not everyone went back and Stockholm boasted an immediate rise in its local leather population.

The biggest single night was The Main Battle, with over 350 individual 'soldiers' attending, but Baltic Battle has steadily drawn larger and larger crowds for the overall series of events each year. With travel between the European countries little more than a hop, skip and jump, events like Baltic Battle and the annual German MLC gathering during Oktoberfest in Munich are quickly becoming extremely popular events for European leathersmen and motorcycle clubs. □









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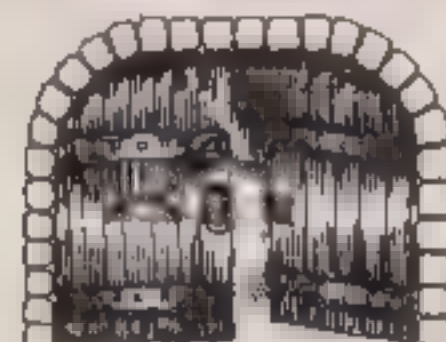
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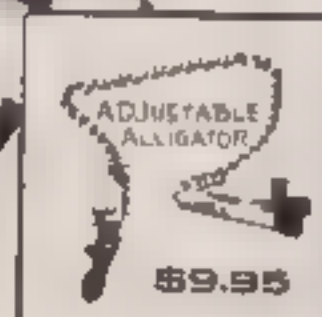
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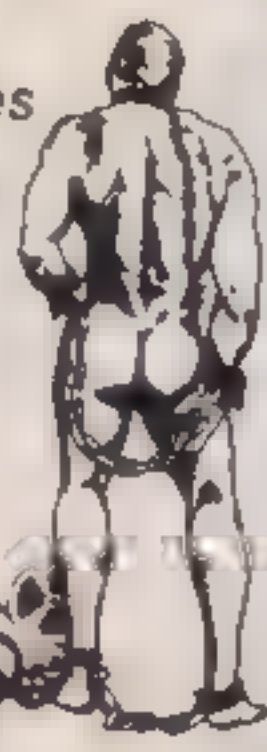
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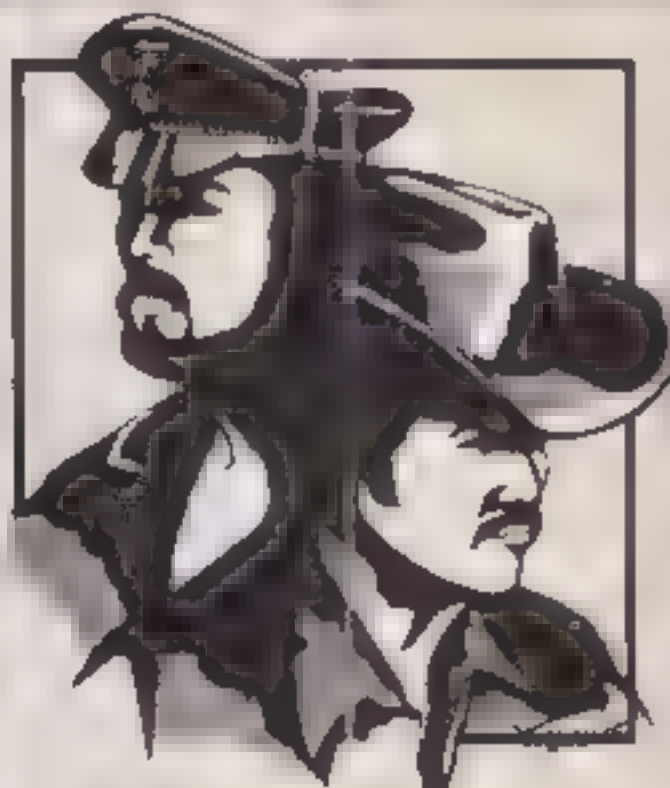
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Once upon a time Fred Halsted was the avant garde darling of the Los Angeles porn set, an innovator who—with films like *Sex Garage* and *Sextool*—threatened to break down every stereotypical barrier between porn and art and eroticism. His daring was unparalleled at a time when only Wakefield Poole's *Boys in the Sand* was being taken seriously. *L.A. Plays Itself*, Halsted's first feature film, was good enough to go into the MOMA collection of contemporary films. His second theatrical feature, *Sextool*, became a primer for the next generation of gayporn filmmakers. Films like *Truck It!* and *Eroticus* (In the latter Halsted is the narrator through a history of gay porn films), while inferior, were nonetheless worthwhile, exciting, enviable projects.

Then something happened. A planned film, *Hughie*, was scrapped. What was art became business. Halsted turned to grinding out mindless, ill-considered projects instead of forging ahead with his brave new porn.

Usually when that happens (and it usually happens in reverse; years of grind-house work leading to one or two masterpieces) it's because either the artist burned out or the art did not sell. Who knows which, if actually either, is the truth in Halsted's case; what matters most is the *fait accompli*. In Halsted's recent films all the magic is gone.

For a while, Fred Halsted opened a private club in Los Angeles—or at least bore his name: Halsted's. It is the setting of *A Night at Halsted's* (1982). In it, the filmmaker plays a member of the club who comes in one afternoon to check the action. He is met at the door by the attendant (Joey Yale), who gives a 50s impersonation of a contemporary punk rocker. Once inside, Halsted the character narrates the action around him. At the end he finds a trick for himself. Then he leaves. *Fin*.

*A Night at Halsted's*, Cosco Studios, 1982; 75 minutes, VCA, 2051 Pontius Ave., Los Angeles CA 90025, \$69.00, VHS/Beta, \$4.00 postage/handling; catalog \$3.00; Signed statement required.

*Pieces of Eight*, Cosco Studios, 1980; 70 minutes, VCA (see above), \$69.00, \$4.00 postage/handling, signed statement required.

If the purpose of gay porn (or any porn) is to excite the viewer to the point of erection, then *A Night at Halsted's* attempts (success depends on the connection the visual images make with the individual viewer) to stay within that closed definition. Nothing near what he attempted much earlier in his career with his first handful of films.

But even given the severe limitations of

this definition, *A Night at Halsted's* comes off as not thought out and badly executed. In an attempt to instill a sense of atmosphere, the action takes place under the worst possible lighting conditions, from awkward camera angles, giving off a sense of claustrophobia more than immediacy or voyeurism.

Even the sterling and popular J W King can not rise above the mediocrity of the situation in which he is used (with a partner so unhealthy looking—in this day and age—as to arouse fear more than passion).

*Pieces of Eight*, while better filmed, is no better conceived or realized. Here a single character, played by Dan Pace, is expected to carry the viewer's interest through what is, in actuality, an anthology of set pieces. Pace plays a stripper about to debut at a Los Angeles adult theatre. We journey with him from the beginning of a single day to its conclusion with his on-stage masturbation performance. Along the way he fantasizes and recalls

men and sex that have excited him—all in preparation for his performance. A scene with Johnny Harden (who recently died in a car accident in real life) is the only interesting one of the various couplings and postures. The feature ends with a voice-over conversation between Halsted and someone (possibly Joey Yale) discussing what to call the film. Halsted coins the title. If the sex isn't very thrilling, the story all but non-existent, then what's the point?

The point is this: You can live off your reputation in gay porn, provided you had a good one to start with, for a very long time before the public calls your bluff. A perfect example is Peter Berlin: two films nearly ten years ago and nothing since—yet both films, on video tape, enjoy constant sales and have found a whole new audience in this decade. We don't know if Peter Berlin's work would have fallen into a similar morass had he continued to grind out feature after feature—but, sadly, that's what happened to Halsted.



—filmmaker and star Fred Halsted



## ON GOLDEN RODS

David Carter single-handedly built an empire, but not based on his acting or filmmaking abilities. *Three Summer Afternoons*, a theatrical film-to-video transfer with dubbed vocal track, is hardly more than three individual loops strung together with the thin thread of representing three adventures of the infamous Southern California bodybuilder.

Each segment is roughly a half-hour, with some intercutting of orgasms and flashbacks to fill in the transition from A to B to C. How well you like this film depends entirely how visually stimulating you find the participants; the sex is run-of-the-mill.

In the first segment, David and a buddy are comparing workout routines and the effects of pumping iron on various parts of their bodies; sort of show and tell. With such good buddies, showing off eventually gets down to bare-assed and erect. Standard sucking and fucking is augmented by the perspective of being performed by 'bodybuilders.'

*Three Summer Afternoons*; 1983, David Carter, Box 972, Venice, CA 90291; VHS/Beta, \$69.95 plus \$2 postage/handling; signed statement required.

This film was made in what looks to be the mid-70s, and its sex appeal follows suit: getting it up and getting it on were the most important factors.

To paraphrase Gertrude Stein, a bodybuilder is a bodybuilder is a bodybuilder, you either think these guys are competition stuff or you don't. There's a lot of talk about "great cuts" (the high-relief of well-worked and tight muscles for all you non-competition fans) but not many great cuts on the bodies on the screen. David Carter is the biggest of the bodybuilders in this video, but biggest by bulk. More interesting is how completely sexually versatile he is, and how often he achieves orgasm (about twice an episode, three times in one segment).

The middle piece holds the one treat, a handsome, dark, muscular—really—co-star with twelve uncut inches. David says that his buddy has twelve inches, and it's easy to believe. After some inane conversation about the lunch they are about to eat, the fucking and sucking begin. Here we meet someone every bit as sexually versatile as David Carter himself. And fortunately for the viewer, the middle segment is the longest of the three.

In the final tale, David is a land surveyor who meets and seduces a woodsman (How do you know? Simple, he has an axe!). This part seems the longest, however, since the woodsman has a hard time getting it up and the camera records every endless moment of his tumescence.

David Carter's voice sounds so similar to Kate Hepburn that this video could have been called *On Golden Rods*, except that wouldn't have been exactly true—only one goldenrod amid the rushes.



—from *Three Summer Afternoons*

## THE RETURN OF DICK FISK

The porn coup of the last five years (since he was last seen in action on the theatre/video screen) is the release of Falcon's *Spokes*, a mini-epic video cassette starring none other than Dick Fisk; five years older and five years hotter than before. A strict lifestyle that included non-stop bodybuilding has turned one of the most popular young porn stars into what will obviously be the most popular

man in the business. If you liked him five years ago, you're going to fall all over yourself when you see him in *Spokes*!

The story: A bike club in Southern California initiates a new member. The rest of the cast: Lee Ryder, Leo Ford, and three new Falcon discoveries. Release is scheduled for September. Expect to see a lot of publicity generated by this one; it's not every day a porn legend makes such an auspicious return. *John W. Rowberry*



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# FORESKIN UPDATE

Dear Bud,

I am 27 with a big hunk of uncircumcised meat which is hard and I mean hard! The opening is only the size of a pencil. Get my rocks off in the shower where people stare at me and really turn on when a capped dude goes down on it. They dig that shrouded pole! To keep it clean I use Q Tips with baby oil. If a guy wants head cheese, I won't clean it for three days and then feed him on the fourth. If it stays in there more than four days, the cheese builds up too high and hurts. You should see the greedy bastards lust for the stuff. How about some pictures of blind meat in *Drummer*? I'll send you some of mine if you won't show my face.

Dear Bud,

After reading your article in *Drummer* I just had to write to you. My lover and I are both uncut, but several years ago successfully trained our skins to stay pulled back. Our skins had never been too tight to begin with, and our frenula had been cut at birth. Never gave much thought to foreskin one way or the other until we read your material. After reading it I turned on to stretching my lover's skin and used several of the techniques I'd read. When I started, I was able to get two fingers in there and, believe me, I ain't got small fingers. My goal is to get all eight fingers in there which won't be long now. This has been a turn-on for both of us, has caused me no pain at all and a tolerable amount to my lover. Thought you and your readers would like to know that stretching works!

Dear Fingers,

Hey, friend, thanks for the letter. Wow! Two foreskins in the same household? I am glad to have helped you two fellows rediscover your skins. Now that you seem to have learned lesson one (stretching), I'll give you lesson number two (foreskin togetherness). Take both uncut dicks, roll the skin back off the head of one dick and then pull the skin of the other dick over the exposed cockhead. Now, gradually work the shoved-back skin forward, rolling over the other foreskin until both cockheads are side-by-side snugly together in all that wad of mutual foreskin. Next, get a long strip of Dermicel surgical tape and run it up the shaft of one dick (avoiding hairs, if possible) and down the shaft of the other dick, making sure that the tape is sticking fast to all sixteen or so inches of man-meat. Then, secure more strips along the same route until both cocks are completely trapped; now you two guys are really together! Now, one of you start pumping one of the cocks

and you will simultaneously pump both of them. The sensation of your skin being pumped without a hand on it is incredible. Chances are you will come together inside a 10 at skin.

While you guys are pumping, want to remark about your statement "...our frenula were cut at birth." That is amazing! It might account for your very loose foreskins and for your ability to keep them pulled back. I received a letter from a reader who claims the headmaster at his New England boys' school routinely had all his uncircumcised cadets 'streamlined.' Unlike at most military schools, etc., of that era, this headmaster didn't demand that all the little penises in school be circumcised. Instead, 'streamlined' at this school meant having the frenula removed. The result, according to my writer, was that he ended up with an exceptionally loose foreskin which could be retracted back to his balls without causing the shaft to bend and was, in his opinion, much more flexible. Removing the frenulum is a very easy procedure which is performed by a urologist; it is called a *frenoplasty*. It is often recommended for men who have short frenula or frenula which chronically split and bleed. To have such an operation merely to get a looser foreskin will probably work, but for you guys who have super-sensitive frenula (a lot of men claim that is their most erotic area...under the head), I'd say keep that little strip of skin. Also, for those of us into 'natural' cocks, a frenulum can be quite beautiful and fun to tease (and they certainly add to the interest when they are found on a circumcised peter). However, if it is the longest, floppiest, most stretched out sex-skin in town you want to see your local urologist and go for it!

Dear Bud,

I was intrigued by your comment that the East German police circumcise all their cadets. Do you think it is for espionage reasons? Or is it a matter of being able to identify themselves since they live in a part of the world where circumcision is rare? Do you think circumcision plays a part in the masquerade of spies? What about the Russians?

Dear Intrigued,

The East German Police got its dicks skinned because its chief medical officer had the hots to circumcise them...at least at first. That was in the 60's. If they are still shedding those German rolls, I suppose it is a matter of camaraderie in the force. And, yes, if espionage is part of their work, the style of their penises is very important. Yes, those Russian James

Bond types who are trained for spy work in the USA and Canada get their dicks Americanized...at least after the following incident. In 1961 a Russian spy named Gordon Lonsdale was caught in Canada because of his foreskin. He had been born in Canada in 1924 but taken to live in Finland in 1932. He returned to Canada in the early 50's and soon his activities became suspect. Quoting the book *Forty Years of Spying* by Ronald Seth, "A somewhat bizarre circumstance told the authorities that their prisoner Lonsdale was not the real Lonsdale. During their investigation the Royal Canadian Mounted Police traced the doctor who delivered Mrs. Lonsdale's son. This doctor remembered well the delivery and turned up old records that showed within a few days of the baby's birth it had been necessary to circumcise him. The Lonsdale in prison was not circumcised." Gotcha! I am sure the Russian KGB will not make that mistake again!

Dear Bud,

I have enjoyed circumcision fantasies all my life. They started when I was a little kid at school, and a boy I idolized pulled out his penis at the urinal next to mine. It was the strangest looking one I had ever seen, but being his penis I thought it was beautiful. He saw me staring at it and said, "I've been to the doctor." For years I put myself to sleep fantasizing about 'going to the doctor,' but I usually fell asleep before I got there. Later, when I found out what happened at the doctor's, I circumcised myself to sleep every night. Then, five years ago I was getting a physical at my job when the company doctor said, "We don't see many foreskins around these days. Why don't you come to my office on Friday night and I'll cut it off for you. You'll be ready to go back to work on Monday." Wow! My uncircumcised peter shot right up to my belly button...so I showed up on Friday night. I was 31 at the time and I watched my manhood being restyled as the doctor slowly skinned my dick, an experience of a lifetime, believe me! Everything since then has been an improvement from appearance to sexual. And, I still have my circumcision fantasies to enjoy! However, recently the fantasies are more about other men getting circumcised. I would love to watch a man getting his manhood restyled like I experienced. From your writing I surmise you receive letters from other men like me, men who want to get cut or got cut as adults. I'll bet you've heard from more than one guy who wants to get circumcised in front of an audience. That is one of my fantasies. Isn't



there some way all these guys could get together and discuss circumcision and possibly enjoy watching one? My only regret is that I had but one foreskin to give to my fantasies

Dear Fantasy,

Yes, I do receive letters from men who are into circumcision fantasies. As I have written previously, most uncut Americans have experienced such fantasies and have considered circumcision at times in their lives. Such fantasies are probably the result of guilt feelings about 'dirty cocks,' etc., or like you, having a childhood idol who had a circumcised peter. But so what? If these fantasies are enjoyable to you and are as much a part of your sexuality as yours seem to be, I'd say go for it! And, if these fantasies lead you to the circumcision bench and you are sure that is what you want for your dick...go for it! Foreskin lovers can't bear the thought of a single foreskin being taken out of circulation...but we can't be greedy! Many writers who claim to be avidly anti-circumcision admit to a love-hate fascination and a desire to watch an adult circumcision. It is part of our natural SM instincts. And, yes, I have had a few letters from uncircumcised men who are waiting for the right scene; an audience of erect circumcised cocks and a handsome top-man circumciser. Well, besides the USA

(which is a correspondence club for men into all sides of the foreskin/circumcision story) there is a clandestine *Foreskins Anonymous* club which meets to discuss circumcision fantasies and experiences and to watch circumcisions. You belong to them! I'll give them your name. Since your manhood was recently 'restyled,' they will accept you; but the uncuts they invite must prove that they are ready to be circumcised...and want it bad! My other readers won't be mad at me for giving that club your name since your foreskin went out of circulation five years ago

Dear Bud,

I have been reading with the continued controversy regarding circumcision. I agree with your position against infant circumcision. I also agree that any male who is upset about having been cut should consider a foreskin reconstruction. However, I must disagree with your apparent emphasis on surgical reconstruction (as opposed to non-surgical restoration, penile skin stretching) I feel that this is wrong for several reasons: (A) in any question of surgery, where there is a non-surgical alternative, it is advisable to look first towards the non-surgical method, due to the risk factor in surgery. (B) surgery is extremely expensive; (C) the time factor; non-surgical stretching will take anywhere from six months to a

year while surgery is close to a year; (D) the end result of surgery may not be satisfactory. In my opinion and experience, non-surgical restoration should always be encouraged as first choice. And if that does not work, then there is the alternative...surgery

Dear Controversy,

Thanks for your observation. I assume you are successfully stretching out a new foreskin for yourself. That's great! I was really not aware that I was emphasizing surgical reconstruction over stretching. At least half the letters I receive from *Drummer* readers are enquiring about doctors who are experienced at foreskin restoration. I know who some of these doctors are, so I tell my readers how to contact them. I also give them the names of several men who have had such surgery. And I give them the name of the group which is promoting the non-surgical method of which you speak. I think these men should be aware of all possible alternatives. I have personally inspected ten penises which have new foreskins through surgery and at least six of them look as if they had never been circumcised. I have had some great reports about your non-surgical method but, as of this writing, I have yet to personally inspect any results. Want to show me?



—photo by Close Up



Dear Bud,

Read your article in "Foreskin Update". Several years ago I read where some sadists got hold of this young Navy fellow and tied him down spread-eagle and naked. Then this far-out doctor took the sailor's uncircumcised penis and shot liquid silicone into it. Then they just stood there watching the prick grow huge and seeing how wide the skin would stretch. Then I read where they were doing it to women's tits. Then I met this dude at an orgy whose uncircumcised dick was so fuckin' huge, it was the center of attention. He said he had it pumped with silicone. Ever since seeing his I have wanted my uncut cock pumped with it too. Do you know a doctor in the area who's into doing it to cocks? Do you know any *Drummer* readers who've had it done? I'd dig hearing from them through you if you don't mind.

Dear Huge,

I appreciate your question, but the answer is not quite in my line of research. I don't know a doctor who's into pumping silicone into cocks; but if any reader knows of one, I'm sure he'll write. I have heard some negative things about silicone use...but the thought of a penis being "so fuckin' huge" is intriguing. The only problem might be that it gets so huge no one can take it...anyplace. It would certainly be nice to see, though. So, Huge, if I find you some answers and it works on your uncut dick...let me take a look!

Dear Mr. Berkeley, Sir!

I am 39 years young, homo/masochist in prison with nine years in and one to go to SF. I have been reading about the new diseases in the past. Most of us are very healthy. I eat from ten to 15 loads of sperm a day. Can any of this hurt me?

Dear Eat,

Ten to 15 loads?! In one day!? Fifteen loads? Oh, yes, your question. Again, your question is not in my line of research. Unfortunately, at the time of this writing, I am not sure anyone has your answer. From optimistic reports such answers might be forthcoming soon and, hopefully, by the time you arrive in SF we might know how to keep you from harm. As you know, Eat, I am not a doctor. But I hate to tell you what my non-medical advice is to you for the moment...spit it out! Yes, it breaks my heart to think of 15 loads (a day?) going down the drain, but until we get some answers I think it is prudent not to swallow the protein. By the way, SF is always ready for another expert cockeater...15 loads a day? Eat, welcome home!

Dear Mr. Berkeley,

I am German and after reading your *Drummer* articles I must admit I never really thought about playing with my



—photo by Jim Wigler

foreskin in such a way. Here in Germany for most of us it is natural to have foreskin and to take it for granted. I enjoy my trips to America because there men like my uncircumcised penis especially. Here in Germany when we spot an American soldier who looks delicious, we know what we have to deal with; a large big mushroom head with no skin on it. My experiences is that cut people have much larger cockheads than those with skin. Why?

Dear Bud,

While in the Army I was stationed at a military hospital in Honolulu. It seemed that every serviceman in Hawaii was coming in to get circumcised...especially the sailors. They roamed around the hospital with their little cans of anaesthetic spray. I kept asking why they had it done and the answers boiled down to the fact they had been told all the nourishment needed to feed that extra skin would now be used to make their cocks double or triple in size and increase the size of their cockheads. Wouldn't you want to be circumcised if that was true? I didn't believe a word of it and still have my skin to do all kinds of fun things with. Those poor stupid bastards don't know what they've missed; or maybe they do!

Dear German and Army,

While there are many myths being bounced around about circumcision, especially by medics with tiny scissors, it does seem apparent that cut cocks generally have wider cockheads, particularly

around the corona. Once in a while you spot a bulbous glans on an uncut cock, very often wrapped in a rather tight foreskin. You also find plenty of cut cocks with rather narrow cockheads. Of course, we are speaking of these dicks in their flaccid, or even erect, states. But the next time you are beating on an uncircumcised cock, keep a close look at the glans and you will notice it flare out as wide as any glans just as the cock starts to shoot. Yes, most uncut dicks have wide glans but they don't show them off until ejaculation occurs. After that, as the foreskin begins to roll forward, the glans calms down to fit neatly into the skin-pouch. Thus it seems without that roll of skin (on circumcised cocks) the glans is inclined to remain permanently flared to various degrees. Many men who were circumcised as adults report that their glans got wider, or fatter, after their circumcision. It is a phenomenon most of us can't deny...and one which has certainly helped the Army in its collecting of GI pelts.

To Whom It May Concern,

A reflection on the erotic beauty of the uncircumcised penis: the most erotically stimulating visual image is that of the moment when the glans is just at the point of projecting from its sheath, stretching against its confinement, about to emerge in the display of potency and power. Seldom do photographers capture that supremely exciting moment of the imminent emergence of the glans from the foreskin. Erotically, it is a moment of truth and wonder and delight. □



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| B10 (para-amino benzoic acid)  | 100 mg   | ***   |
| B12 (cobalamin concentrate)    | 200 mcg  | 3333% |
| Folic Acid                     | 400 mcg  | 100%  |
| Biotin                         | 100 mcg  | 333%  |
| Choline (bitartrate)           | 200 mg   | ***   |
| Inositol                       | 125 mg   | ***   |
| Gota Kola                      | 25 mg    | ***   |
| Ginseng                        | 25 mg    | ***   |
| Vitamin C                      | 1000 mg  | 1667% |
| Bioflavonoids                  | 200 mg   | ***   |
| Rutin                          | 75 mg    | ***   |
| Vitamin E (d-alpha tocopherol) | 400IU    | 1333% |
| Octacosanol                    | 250 mcg  | ***   |
| Calcium (Amino acid chelate)   | 500 mg   | 50%   |
| Magnesium (Amino acid chelate) | 350 mg   | 87%   |
| Silica                         | 500 mcg  | ***   |
| Vanadium                       | 75 mcg   | ***   |
| Vitamin D3                     | 1000IU   | 25%   |
| Iodine                         | 225 mcg  | 150%  |
| Iron (Amino acid chelate)      | 20 mg    | 111%  |
| Potassium aspartate            | 55 mg    | ***   |
| Selenium                       | 150 mcg  | ***   |
| Molybdenum                     | 50 mcg   | ***   |
| GTF Chromium                   | 200 mcg  | ***   |
| Zinc (Amino acid chelate)      | 100 mg   | 667%  |
| Copper (Amino acid chelate)    | 2 mg     | 100%  |
| Manganese                      | 20 mg    | ***   |
| Prostate tissue                | 50 mg    | ***   |
| Thymus                         | 10 mg    | ***   |
| Adrenal                        | 50 mg    | ***   |
| L-Lysine                       | 750 mg   | ***   |
| L-Phenylalanine                | 25 mg    | ***   |
| L-Glutamine                    | 25 mg    | ***   |
| L-Ornithine                    | 25 mg    | ***   |
| L-Tyrosine                     | 25 mg    | ***   |
| Saw palmetto                   | 150 mg   | ***   |
| Sarsaparilla                   | 50 mg    | ***   |
| Echinacea                      | 300 mg   | ***   |
| Lemon Balm                     | 125 mg   | ***   |
| Taraxacum                      | 20 mg    | ***   |
| Licorice                       | 25 mg    | ***   |



# Vita men™

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